

Journal, 1910.







Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Jan'y 1

About eight o'clock this morning I was looking out over our garden through one of the windows at the rear of the house when an English Sparrow came in sight, closely pursued by a hothouse Shrike.

hothouse  
Shrike  
chases  
a Sparrow  
into one  
place &  
loses it  
there.

The two birds were scarce a yard apart when they reached the lilacs which were bent and broken down beneath heavy masses of snow that fell nearly a week ago. Under them the hunted Sparrow at once sought and found safe refuge. For although the Shrike made repeated attempts to discover or to dislodge his prey, hovering over the thicket on rapidly vibrating wings—precisely as a Kingfisher hovers over water—and occasionally even plunging down headlong, apparently quite at random, through the branches, sending up jets of snow dust that glinted in the sunlight, he

had finally to abandon all hope of securing this particular Sparrow and to go elsewhere, probably in search of another.

Boston, Mass.

1910

Jan. 12

Ducks in  
Severett  
Pond,  
Brookline.

Helena, Mass. to Boston

Jan 12. 1910

Dear Mr. Brewster,

There is an extraordinary opportunity to see ducks at close range at Severett Pond near Brookline village a few steps from Huntington av. Wright called my attention to it & I went there this morning.

Besides 16 or 18 Mallards there are 3 ♂ Baldpates and 1 ♀ or young. 1 ♀ Redhead, 1 ♂ Canvasback, 1 ♂ Ringneck. All at times can be seen within 20 feet. The sea ducks were all diving this morning and it was very interesting to watch them.

Yours  
Charles W. Townsend.

Tell Drane.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910,  
Jan'y 30

A Northern Shrike seen in the Garden this morning was certainly not the one noted on Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> for it was a fully mature and very handsome bird with pure blue-gray upper parts, nearly white lower parts and jet black wings and tail. When I first noticed it (about 8.30) it was flitting through the lilacs with a dead House Sparrow held firmly in its bill, evidently looking for a place to suspend its prey. Presently it found one in the fork of a branch which, however, proved too spreading to answer the purpose although the Shrike did not seem to realize the fact until it had worked for fully five minutes trying to draw the head of the Sparrow sufficiently far back to make it hold in the angle made by the abruptly diverging boughs. Another similarly sized sprouting fork a few yards off was next tried

Northern  
Shrike  
suspends  
House  
Sparrow in  
fork and  
then eats  
a portion  
of it.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Jan. 30

(no 2.)

with less persistence and equally poor success.

Shrike &

House Sparrow

After this second failure the Shrike left the Sparrow entangled among some twigs and went on a prospecting tour through the lilacs, examining critically every fork that attracted its attention. After leaving from branch to branch it passed around a jutting corner of the house and was lost to my view for several minutes. When it returned I knew at once that it had found what it was seeking for it picked up the Sparrow in its bill and again flew around the corner of the house, this time in a direct, decided course. Following the line of its flight I came upon it in the eastern cluster of lilacs near the gate that opens into the head of our driveway. Here it was engaged in pushing the neck of the Sparrow into a fork which proved sufficiently narrow at the base to prevent the head



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1910.

Jan. 30  
(no 3)

from slipping through. It tugged hard at this took, pulling the Sparrow's head towards it with a succession of vigorous jerks leaving well backward the whole but not making any use of its wings as I have known Shrikes to do when similarly employed. After securing the Sparrow to its satisfaction it began devouring it first plucking most of the feathers from the head and neck and then eating the entire head and most of the neck well down to the body. After the head had been so reduced in size that it threatened to slip through the fork the Shrike drew the Sparrow up and across the two diverging twigs when it finally left it lying after eating the parts I have mentioned. After this it flew off into the jungle but soon came back to flit about about me acting as if it feared I might not let it of what removal of it. The Sparrow had disappeared when I next visited the place about 5 P.M.

Shrike &  
House Sparrow



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb 6

Clear and cold with fresh N. W. wind.

Nothing  
seen of  
Gray Squirrels

During the past two or three weeks the Gray Squirrels on our place have been acting as if this rutting season had begun or was close at hand. I have frequently seen them toying with one another in the trees in a suggestive way (this they do more or less at all seasons, however) and twice or thrice have watched a protracted chase in which two or three took part and which was conducted chiefly over the snow-covered surface of the ground, the leading animal keeping a yard or two in advance of her pursuer or pursuers and running at top speed for several minutes at a time, during which almost every part of the garden was traversed. All this has hitherto ended in nothing definite, as far as I could observe; but early this morning I saw the act of copulation performed, probably as the termination of a rather long pursuit.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 6

(No 2.)

Although when I first noticed the pair (from the windows of my dressing room) they were making for the elm that stands at the head of our driveway. On reaching it the female started up the trunk but after ascending only a yard or two she stopped and allowed the male to overtake her net, however, without making at the very last a pathetically sham attempt at continuing her upward flight. On reaching her the male at once covered her, first clasping her body in his fore arms with his feet pressed in under her shoulders and then almost instantly securing sexual connection, apparently without much difficulty. At its beginning the act was rather comical, for the female remained passive with her tail hanging down limply and her head pointing straight upward. While the male showed comparatively little ardor; but as the affair progressed and the male wound to his coils the female

Gray  
Squirrels  
engaged in  
copulation

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 6  
(No 3)

began to respond to his vigorous and rapid masculine  
thrusts with reciprocal movements and at length, apparently  
exhausted beyond control, by passion, ran up the trunk for  
a distance of a yard or two and then stopping abruptly  
let go the hold of her hind feet. During the next few  
seconds which, I think, probably marked the period  
when the final, supreme orgasm was taking place and  
the seminal fluid was discharged, the bodies of the  
two Squirrels were so closely welded together that they  
looked like one animal of abnormally elongated shape  
for the head of the male was flattened on the back  
of the female about at her shoulders and their only  
points of mutual attachment to the trunk were  
afforded by the fore paws of the female above &  
by the hind feet of the male below. The latter fact  
was unmistakable for during the period to which

Gray  
Squirrels  
Copulated



Cambridge, Mass.

1940.

Feb. 6

(No 4)

I am now referring the two bodies, looking and moving Gray  
as one, soon alternately flattened against the trunk and Squirrels  
sprung out from it in a strongly outthrust arch which copulating  
obviously touched the trunk at two points only. Thus  
they swung out and in with rhythmic pulsations until  
the sexual ecstasy was over and the sex act  
finally accomplished. During its continuance I heard no  
sound from either Squirrel. After it was ended they  
separated at once and rambled off in different directions  
through the branches of the alder. I do not recall ever  
witnessing any act of cohabitation among the so-called  
lower animals which has interested me so much as this.  
While it was perhaps somewhat over-charged with salacious  
suggestiveness it impressed me on the whole simply as  
a natural and perfectly wholesome manifestation of admissible  
sexual vigor on the part of two creatures engaged in a

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1910.  
Feb. 6  
(Ms.)

timely and legitimate endeavor to fulfill the duties  
of preservation. Only once before have I seen Squirrels  
of any species thus occupied. That was many years  
ago when I watched a pair of Red Squirrels copulating  
in a Norway Spruce near the head of Buckingham  
Street, Cambridge. For nearly half an hour, if I  
remember rightly, their sexual contact was not over  
broken nor the sexual movements of the male suspended  
for more than a few seconds at a time. I think,  
however, that I found and left them thus engaged  
and that they kept up a constant low whining or  
chattering cry. But I am writing now from  
memory. Probably the observation is recorded  
somewhere in my journal. The experience happened  
~~during a session~~ when we were taking our meals at

Gray  
Squirrels  
copulating

Mrs. Sewall's, certainly in summer or early autumn, &  
probably from 12 to 15 years ago.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 14

The only birds that have visited our place with any regularity this winter and the only ones I have seen there at all thus far in the present month, are Flickers.

✓  
Flickers  
in the  
Garden.

Once I noted four and on several occasions three together but ordinarily there have been only one or two seen at any one time. Their visits have been much oftener in the morning about 8 or 9 o'clock. For a time they contented themselves with feeding on the berries of our hollyberry & Portulaca apple trees. About two weeks ago they began working on the trunks of two large pear trees. After knocking off the lower scales of outer bark they peeled and pushed at the inner bark until the cambium layer was exposed in many places over spaces as large as the palm of one's hand. All this was done in a leisurely and deliberate way as if the birds were merely amusing themselves which, indeed, I suspect

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb 14  
(no 2)

was really too bad for they did not seem to be obtaining anything in the way of food. After they had done really serious damage to the trees (one of which is a sound and valuable seedling from the other an old & nearly worthless tree) I protected the trunks from further injury by wrapping them in burlap. A few days after this I heard the sound of intermittent tapping about my study in the Museum & every now and then a lump of mortar fell into the fireplace from above. I think this happened first on the 12<sup>th</sup> and am certain it happened yesterday (13<sup>th</sup>). To-day it began again and I at once went out taking my spare gun. As soon as I got a clear view of the Museum chimney I perceived a 27-bitter clinging to its eastern face about 5 ft. below the top, busily engaged in digging & flying out the mortar between the bricks. He would work

7-bitters  
barking  
near trees



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 14  
(No 3)

at it for half a minute or so, alternately pecking  
and prying with his bill, and then rest for a somewhat  
longer period before beginning again. I watched him  
for ten or fifteen minutes. More than once I thought I  
saw him swallow a small fragment of the hard material  
- it is glass since the chimney was repaired - but of  
this I could not make sure. That he had already  
done considerable damage was evident enough for  
with the aid of my glass I could see that the  
lines of "pointing" were broken in many places  
by the recent removal of mortar or bits of mortar.  
He must have been working at the mortar as capping  
on the top of the chimney when he sent the  
fragments down into my fireplace but that I did  
not see. Verily "the devil finds mischief for idle  
hands [and bills] to do."

Flicker  
pecking &  
prying off  
mortar from  
Masonry  
chimney

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 16

Roland Thaxter told me this evening of watching a Flicker picking out mortar from the vertical face of the brick wall of the Museum of Comparative Zoology within a few feet of his windows. I understood him to say that this happened within the past two or three days. He was so very near the bird that he could see, without possibility of mistake, that it ate small pieces of the mortar. I was very sure that my bird was doing the same thing (on the 14<sup>th</sup>). It would be interesting to know whether the mortar is eaten for the sake of the lime it contains or as a substitute for gravel which may be rather difficult to obtain now that the ground is largely covered with snow.

Flicker  
eating  
mortar  
at Mus.  
Comp. Zool.



Arlington, Mass.

Brant  
taken in  
Arlington,

1910

Feb. 24

Dr. A. M. Tuttle tells me that a mounted specimen of the Brant Goose, now on exhibition at the Middlebury Sportsman's Show in Arlington, has the following interesting history. In company with half-a-dozen or more birds of its own kind and about an equal number of Canada Geese it alighted, during a heavy storm, late last autumn (in November, he thinks), in a cultivated field not far from Robbins Spring Hotel near the brook & the tracks of the Lowell Railroad just to the eastward of Arlington Heights Station. Some labrador discovering the birds chased them about and captured two or three of the Brants but all the Canada Geese to the flight and escaped. One of the captured Brants was given to a Mr. Farmer, the owner of the land on which it was taken. He had the specimen preserved and it is still in his possession. Dr. Tuttle has examined it and vouches for the fact that it is a typical Brant.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910

Feb. 28

At intervals through the day, from 8 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., and not less than ten or a dozen times in all, I heard, as I sat writing at my desk in the Museum, with the windows closed,

the shrill clar-clar-clar-clar of a Sparrow Hawk.

The sound came to my ears distinctly, evidently from a bird flying low overhead, but when I went out to look for him it usually crossed before

I left the door. At length I got a good, if rather brief, view of him as he circled swiftly just above the tops of our windows. After this I repeatedly heard him in the direction of Harvard Park and to the west & north of the Museum. He seemed to be making repeated tours of the entire neighborhood

about our place & to be proclaiming his presence brazenly. I fancy it may have been a love flight (the bird looked like a male), but why should he come here for that purpose?

Sparrow  
Hawk  
flying over  
our garden  
at intervals  
through day



1910.

March 2

Cambridge, Mass.

Clear, calm & mild but chilly.

Sparrows  
 Hawks

About 8 A. M. I was looking out of one of the north windows of our house when a ♂ Sparrow Hawk appeared, coming low over the garden towards me, flying nearly straight and very sluggishly with long, slow, irregular wing beats. On reaching the house he rose and apparently passed over it although that I could not see.

At 9.30 A. M., as I was writing in the Museum, I heard his shrill screaming. Looking out I again saw him pass over the garden taking nearly the same course as at first but at a greater height so that when he came to the house he cleared the tops of the big lindens above it without rising perceptibly. Thus far he had flown nearly straight and very slowly, vibrating his wings incessantly; but on reaching Hubbard Park and turning to the westward he began soaring in circles, still screaming at intervals. I now saw for the first time a ♀ Sparrow Hawk circling in silence about 100 yards from the ♂. Keeping about this distance from an owl on the tree birds darted off towards the south-west & were soon lost to my sight.

About 10 A. M. the ♂ again appeared circling about one linden with loud cries (klee-klee-klee), swooping downwards nearly to the earth from an elevation of 50 feet or more and then rebounding as it were to this height to immediately descend and rise again. These evolutions may be represented by a series of deep loops W. They were not unlike those which I have repeatedly seen the Marsh Hawk & the Cooper's Hawk perform in early spring but were more repeated & frequent. Notwithstanding they were low flights. I saw no perch this time, however.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910

March 19

A Northern Shrike spent fully two hours this morning (8-10 a.m.) sitting on a twig in the top of  
[in our garden,  
a large apple tree] singing almost continuously. Not  
once during this time did it change its perch or  
even its position although it moved its head freely  
keeping, as I thought, a keen look out all the  
while for possible prey. It was a fully mature bird  
with black markings, chest-bluish gray back and white  
under parts. Its voice was strong and clear and some  
of its notes decidedly sweet and musical. It often  
repeated one of them several times much as the Brown  
Throated repeats its notes. Its song had some general  
resemblance to that of a Thrasher in other respects  
but was decidedly less continuous or flowing and older,  
of course, less pleasing. It is surprising that a bird  
ordinarily so nervous and rather as a Thrasher should  
have remained so long in our place. It was probably  
there this morning for I heard it singing about 7 o'clock when  
I was up & about.

Northern  
Shrike  
Spent two  
hours on  
our back,  
singing.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March

19

(No 2)

Not long after the preceding journal entry was made and about 5 P.M. the Shrike began another outburst of song in the Garden, keeping it up for nearly half-an-hour. Either his voice was louder now than before or it sounded so because the air was stiller & less disturbed by the noise of city traffic. It seemed to fill the entire neighborhood being, indeed, almost, if not quite, as dominant and conspicuous as the voice of a Robin in full song. Never before have I heard a Northern Shrike sing anything like so loudly continuously and melodiously.

Song of  
Northern  
Shrike on  
evening

Speaking of Robins I wonder where they are! A heavy flight was reported from country districts (such as Arlington, Dedham etc.) early in the month but no birds have invaded our city as yet. Yet conditions have been apparently right for them to appear for a week or more past.

Robins  
late

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March 26

A Northern Shrike in the Garden most of the latter <sup>Northern</sup> ~~Shrike~~ <sup>Shrike</sup> half of the afternoon - an old ♂, apparently the same in the Garden which I noted on the 19<sup>th</sup>. As on that occasion he was in full song much of the time to-day, at first (for 10 minutes) in the top of a little tree by the pond in front of Museum, next (for 5 minutes) in the upper branches of one by catatopa tree, finally in the Pooleman's apple. <sup>His</sup> Song song was quite as loud as on the 19<sup>th</sup> but less musical and very much less varied, the same note being repeated over & over, sometimes as many as six or eight times in succession. Three when this happened the bird <sup>He quivers</sup> <sup>his wings</sup> <sup>while</sup> <sup>singing.</sup> crouched low on the branch with lowered & extended head and neck, quivering his half-opened wings as if quite carried away by emotional feeling. It seemed as if there must be a ♀ near at hand to account for this unusual display (quite new to me) of feeling on the part of a



Cambridge, Mass.

1910

March 26

(No 2)

Butcher-bird

bird I saw none.

The note given

Western

Shrike

at this particular time was not unusual but by no means

one of the Shrike's best - to my taste, at least. When

He chose

he was in the catalpa tree a number of birds alighted,

a Downy,

a Flicker &

Grackles.

one after another within a few yards of him. A cock

Hooded Sparrow (apparently oblivious of danger) was first ignored

but <sup>he</sup> drove from the tree in succession a Flicker, a

Downy Woodpecker and then more Brown Grackles,

flying at them aggressively and chasing two (two Downy &

Flickers) several rods but not showing any indication of real

murderous intent. One and all of these birds behaved

towards him as they might towards any harmless bird

of similar size, evincing little fear of him and apparently not

suspecting his true character, I thought. After reaching

the Possum's apple he sang for awhile in its top &

then dove down into the tangle of closely imbricated

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March 26  
(no 3)

branches and twigs near the ground. The next instant I heard what seemed to be the agonized cries of some small bird in extreme pain or terror. Feeling sure that a Sparrow was undergoing torture & death I rushed out only to find the Shrike hopping about in the thickest parts of the tangle given by himself flapping his wings & jerking his wide-spread tail much in the manner of an excited Towhee. He kept uttering the wounded-bird cries at intervals, usually loudly at first, then more & more & more feebly until they could scarcely be heard. So perfectly did they resemble the outcry of a small bird when caught and rather shrilly imitated by a Hawk or Shrike that I could not help thinking and that they represented a deliberate imitation of such cries, based on long personal experience on the part of the Shrike and that they were designed by him on this occasion to entice little birds to the spot by coaxing on their sympathy or curiosity if so they failed to serve <sup>that purpose</sup>.

Northern  
Shrike

Imitates  
outcry of  
wounded bird  
in clutches  
of birds of  
prey



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March 27

Clear and cool with light N. W. wind.

Crows have been haunting our place for the Crow's Nest  
in  
Hubbard Park  
past two or three weeks coming vigorously in the  
linden at sunrise and appearing in the Garden later  
in the day. I saw one on the lawn this morning  
(8 a.m.) engaged in a search for nesting material.  
After picking up & discarding several sticks which  
seemed not to its liking it finally got something  
that looked like a strip of grape vine bark then or  
four feet long and flew off with it (in its bill)  
across Brattle Street to a cluster of Norway Spruces  
in Hubbard Park where I could see it at work  
adjusting the bark in what looked like a nest near  
the top of one of these trees. Another Crow, probably the  
mate of this nest builder, was flying about in some trees  
fifty or sixty yards away.  
Pudge tells me he hears Crows nearly every morning  
now in Louisburg Square, Boston.

Crows in  
Louisburg Sq.  
Boston.

Concord, Mass.

Balls River.

1910.

March 31

Cloudy with chill east wind.

I came to Concord late this afternoon to spend  
a week or so at the cabin which I have not visited  
since last November. As I walked down to the boat  
house from the West Bedford Station I heard Robins,  
Song Sparrows, Red-wings and Thrushes singing  
in every direction. A Throated Green was just as I  
entered the woods bordering Mr. Groth's field. The river  
proved to be low for this season, indeed almost down  
to average summer level, nearly all the meadows being  
exposed but dotted with pools of water which has  
not had time to drain off or to evaporate. After  
crossing the river I went around behind the mill  
where I located another Green and saw the remains  
- of several more darters. I caught Hepaticas, Blood root  
& Arisaema in bloom in front of the log cabin

I settled at  
Cabin

Robins,  
Red-wings,  
Thrushes,  
Song Sparrows

River low

Hepatica  
Blood root &  
Arisaema  
in bloom



Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 1

Brilliantly clear. Bright, cool N.W. wind in forenoon;  
afternoon calm and very warm.

Were I to judge of the date by the general aspect  
of the country here just now I should not set it earlier  
than April 25<sup>th</sup>. Never before have I known vegetation  
so far advanced at this season. The fields are vivid  
green, the sprouting "blue joint" (Phalaris) on the river  
meadows is four or five inches high, hepaticas, blood root  
& Claytonia are in full bloom in the woods, a few  
blossoms on the big Forsythia bush in front of the  
Barnett house opened this forenoon, the gooseberry bushes  
are green with small, newly-unfolded leaves, the Wood  
frogs have nearly ceased croaking, the Hylas and  
Common Frogs are in full cry both by night & day.

Exceptionally  
early spring.

Vegetation

Fields green

Blue joint  
6 in. high

Forsythia in  
bloom.

Gooseberry  
bushes in leaf

Frogs

I went to the Farm this morning & spent the  
day there. Blue birds, Robins, Song Sparrows, Chickadees

Concord, Mass.

1910

April 1  
(No 2/)

a Purple Finch and a White-bellied Nuthatch were  
singing, a Flicker skimming & a Downy woodpecker near the fence  
house. A single White-bellied Swallow was flying about  
the bird boxes. I heard a Pine Warbler at Balls Hill  
& Phoebe there, at Pine Point, at the Railroad place &  
at an old barn. The Fox & the Sparrows down to down  
gone by but I saw a solitary Juncos. Red-wings &  
Robins were flying to & fro over the uplands & singing  
along the river. Heard a Hairy Woodpecker at the house  
& another in Balls Field. Heard a Phoebe coming in  
the direction of the pond in our Back Pasture; James  
reports hearing him down daily for a week or more.  
Heard Red shouldered Hawks screaming at Balls  
Hill & at the Farm. Started a ♂ Cooper's Hawk from  
the house behind the hill and saw a Marsh Hawk  
soaring over Purple Throat woods.

Common  
birds.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 1  
(No 3)

Saw deer tracks almost everywhere to-day. James tells me that the number of Deer present during the past month has positively decreased him because of the menace to our crops. He saw ten at one time in the Kestlin field about a week ago & Benson reports that nine crossed his field together at about the same time. James saw four file through our deer yard and four looking through the wire fence of the partly yard. They show little fear of man and none whatever of bird dogs. Our flower garden is covered with their tracks & I actually found two rather fresh foot prints in our barn cellar.

Deer  
abundant

Partridges are said to be more numerous than for several years past. I flushed at least five different birds to-day between Boss Hill and the farm. without leaving the roadway that leads thru through the fields and woods.

Partridges  
numerous



Concord, Mass.

1910

April 2

Clear and warm with light, variable winds chiefly from N. W. and N. E.

Arrivals Kingfisher; one, seen first at 7 A. M. and many times later in day, flying past cabin. Arrivals

Bittern; one, seen first at 8 A. M. flying low over meadows opposite Ball's Hill. Afterwards seen there on four times in same locality. It uttered a guttural oc-oc-oc but did not "trump".

Wilson's Snipe. As twilight was falling this evening a Snipe began drumming over the meadows directly opposite the cabin at Ball's Hill, keeping it up for nearly half an hour. During this period I heard several other uttering the drum note as they rose from the meadow and flew about over it, unseen in the gathering gloom. As nearly as I could tell by their cries there were as all at least five or six different birds. The music of the drumming was unusually strong & loud & long. It is among the sweetest of all bird sounds.

About 10 A. M. we heard the wild clatter of Canada Geese coming from the far distance towards the south-west. A minute or two later we saw the birds advancing directly towards us over Great Meadows. There were 2 flocks, one following in the wake of the other, perhaps 3 or 4 miles behind it. I counted 85 birds in the first flock & 28 in the second. Rarely if ever have I seen Geese flying so very high. When directly over us they looked as large as Robins seen near at hand. Up to this time they had been heading north. But before reaching Davis Hill they turned sharply to the right and made off out of sight over eastward. Just before this change

Canada  
Geese

1910

April 2  
(no 2)

Change of direction was made a remarkable thing happened Canada  
One of the birds in the smaller (ear) flock left its Gosh.  
companions and rising above them made a complete circle  
apparently on its wings. Just as it regained them the small  
flock and the large one turned simultaneously towards  
the east. It looked as if the bird I have just referred  
to was the leader of the whole assembly but if so why  
was he with the background? He apparently rose above the  
others to look for some Canadian which could not be seen  
from their position. He must have been fully 100 feet above  
the rest when he descended the circle which was about  
100 feet in diameter. During the whole time these Gosh  
were within hearing they gave tongue as incessantly as  
a pack of hounds following a hot scent. Their sonorous  
voices seemed to dominate all other sounds and to  
fill the whole air with thrilling music more suggestive  
of this species than any other I know.  
My men & I were also impressed by the brevity  
of the period during which these Gosh were in sight.  
I doubt if it exceeded three minutes yet we must  
have noticed them for a distance of fully ten miles.  
Pat Fleming had Canada Gosh passing over Covered  
bridge at 8 o'clock last night and at the same  
time I also heard them at very far. It is probable  
that both heard the same flock. Neither had seen  
or heard any before this date.

Pat Fleming has seen only one flock of  
Gosh this spring. They flew past Ralls' place as  
he was taking down about two weeks ago. He thinks  
they were brothers.

Doubt

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 3

Clear with fresh north-west wind. The ground from last night but it was ~~delivered~~, warmer through the day.

Spent most of forenoon working about in the woods visiting Holden's Hill & Davis Hill. The Red-shouldered Hawks were near the nest in the big chestnut where they have bred for several years past. I saw only the ♂ (now in fully adult plumage) but both birds were filling the air with their wild, ringing music (to my ears their screaming is highly musical besides being very thrilling) as I entered the woods.

Red-shouldered  
Hawks at  
Holden's Hill  
again.

A Brown Creeper was singing on Davis Hill. I wonder if he is the same bird that had a nest there last year under a dead <sup>small</sup> oak on the big dead pine.

Brown  
Creeper in  
song.

Chickadees, Song Sparrows, Phoebe, Red-wings, a Pine Siskin, a Flicker & a Robin singing on Balls Hill.



Concord, Mass.

1910  
April 3  
(No 21)

Raymond Emerson called at the cabin two forenoon.  
He gave me the following interesting notes:

On March 23 he started a flock of nearly if not  
quite 100 Black Ducks from the river a little below

Large  
flock of  
Black  
Ducks

Parish Island. He saw a dense flock of brimsters  
near the lower place last down day and within

Golden  
eye Ducks

in the month 25 or 30 of them on the flooded Great

Meadows. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> March he saw a Wilson's

Early date  
for  
Wilson's  
Snipe

Snipe just below Collier Bridge. It was flying

about & came nearly over him. It was down the

river he does not know what way or way not have been the same

Snipe. He tells me that 2 Others were seen near

Others

Clare Street Hill and one just below Washburn

Bridge, last summer and then or four years ago

one was killed in Mason's Sea Pond on Square Neck.

Musk-rats have been rather scarce this Spring. Gray Holes  
got only 36. The last Otter have sold as high as \$1.25

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 5

The Rev. Mr. Dexter of Concord, who is deeply interested in birds and apparently a careful and trustworthy observer, called on me at the cabin this afternoon. He says that Wilfred Wheeler saw a flock of about 25-30 Snow Geese in Concord last autumn. They were flying southward. A flock of Canada Geese was in sight at the same time, moving in the same direction. Their flight was as much slower than that of the Snow Geese that the latter passed them and were lost to sight in the distance some time before the Canada Geese disappeared. I wonder if these Snow Geese may not be the same birds that Mrs. Bridge saw.

Snow Geese.

Mr. Dexter says that Richard<sup>son</sup> has seen a flock of four Gooseanders during the past week and that one or two great horned owls were seen about the middle of March.

Gooseanders.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 6

This phenomenally early season moves steadily on  
without a set back thus far. Yesterday was very warm  
and to-day like summer with a moist balmy S.W. wind.  
Barnum is on the point of turning its blossoms & the white  
barbors show just a trace of green foliage. The river  
meadows are bright green in many places. They are in  
perfect condition for Snipe which are here in numbers  
apparently and drawing away early. I heard one this  
morning at daybreak and again from 8 to 8.30 A.M. when  
the sky was clouded over and the air thick with mist.  
This bird was circling over the meadows opposite the cabin  
where I heard him again this evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.  
Walking up along the river path to Holden's Hill I heard  
him faintly still and very distinctly another one over  
Grant Meadows where I saw a Snipe circle & alight this  
afternoon

Progress of  
the season.

Wilson's  
Snipe  
drawing.



Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 6  
(Ms. 2.)

For several seasons past whenever I have been staying  
at Ball's Hill I have heard at morning and evening,  
coming from the open fields and meadows on the West  
Bedford side of the river what I have taken to be  
Gambel's Hens calling. On several occasions I have thought  
that the sound was not quite like that made by Gambel's  
Hens but as it usually came from the direction of  
Mr. Groth's poultry yard and as he keeps (or used to keep)  
a flock of these birds I did not give the matter any  
particular attention. For the first time or four weeks this  
calling has <sup>been</sup> frequent and insistent for half an hour or more  
after sunset and again about sunrise or before. Last  
evening I heard it to uncommonly good advantage and  
studied it attentively. I soon satisfied myself that it  
was not the call of a Gambel's Hen. The voice is less  
harsh, the notes given more slowly. They have a field-like

Evening  
call of  
Ring-necked  
Pheasant

Essex, Mass.

1910.

April 6  
(1913)

quality which I find rather pleasing because of its plaintiveness. Sometimes they remind me of the shrilling notes of a Flicker heard in the distance, & those of of the Hawk, hesitating soliloquy of a Crested Rail in late autumn. The bird heard last evening was at first in the direction of Mr. Seath's but he afterwards changed his position twice and finally called several times just across the river near my Stone Boat house. Although I have as yet no positive clue to the author of these sounds I am nearly convinced that they are made by the Ring-necked Pheasants which are now numerous in the fields & meadows on the West Bedford shore. I picked up one of the long tail feathers of a male Pheasant on my own land yesterday but as it was among the corncries & truck just at high water mark it is probably floated there

Pheasant

calling

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 7

Morning cloudy & calm; afternoon sunny with fresh W. wind changing to N. at sunset. Another summer-bird day, less warm than yesterday, however, & pleasantly cool at evening.

A Yellow Red-bell Wren singing near cabin at 6 a.m. Arrivals  
At 7 I heard a G. Wood-pecker and later still found three males of the latter species flitting about in the oaks on the hillside.

At 7 a.m. a Belted Kingfisher (singing but on note); Belted Kingfisher  
just before sunset he went through the whole performance, beginning  
repeating it at the usual intervals for fifteen or twenty minutes. finishing  
This is the first time I have heard one this spring. The bird was in the meadow directly opposite my cabin.

No Snipe were heard this morning (although I was awake Snipe  
at daybreak) but at evening two drummed for half an drumming  
hour or more over the meadow across the river from the cabin and I heard a third scraping as it rose from  
Great Meadows opposite Benson Dam Road.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 7  
(No 2)

A Kingfisher is haunting the river by day, flying back & forth from the cabin at all hours, ranging as far as Davis Hill in one direction and at least to Bellin's Hill in the other. He regularly goes to roost about sunset in the dense young pines on the south side of Bellin's Hill midway between the cabin & back gate and some thirty yards back from the river. I have started him from there thus no less than three evenings this week. He talks long in silence and after flying out over the river doubles back and alights in some taller pines near the crest of the hill where he usually utters his rattle a number of times as I pass on along the road that skirts the base of the hill. It is odd to hear his familiar cry issuing thus from thick woods. The smallest pines where I first started him have been the favorite roosting place of Kingfishers at all seasons for years past but only one bird (perhaps always the same individual) is to be found there at any one time.

Kingfisher  
roosting  
in dense  
young pines  
on hill

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 7  
(the 3)

The bowser bush near the cabin was in full bloom to-day. The shrub bushes look as if they might open their blossoms at any moment. The common saxifrage & a few ground pink blossoms appeared on the south side of the hill. Barking bushes have unfolded small leaves and the tender young foliage of the white willows is apparent at considerable distance. The red maples are still very beautiful but their blossoms are beginning to fall. The country looks as it usually does about May 1<sup>st</sup>.

About 10 A.M. we heard Canada Geese laughing in the distance. Benjamin ran to the river bank to look for them. Presently the flock appeared at an immense height (fully 4000 ft. I should say). Gilbert counted 42 birds. They passed to the east of Balls Hill & kept on in a perfectly straight course towards the north-east. They looked no larger than Pigeons. No sound came from them after we first saw them.

Progress  
of  
vegetation

Still  
another  
flock of  
Pied Biegs

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 17

Brilliantly clear and bracingly cool with strong, Thimble-like  
breeze of  
Koon East wind. Amazon

Thomallott  
behaviour of  
American  
Porter

The marsh on the south side of Ten Twin  
directly opposite Ball's Hill looks, at present, almost  
as smooth and bare as a well-kept lawn.  
It was all mown <sup>over</sup> late last summer and having  
been free from flood water for upwards of a month  
past, is now covered everywhere with young  
grass three or four inches in height. Although this  
appears no cover for birds much larger than a  
snipe the marsh has been frequented much of late  
by Bitterns. At morning and evening I have  
heard them clumping, then or have seen them flying to  
and fro in stately march with heads and necks  
stretched up on the watch for danger but previous  
to to-day have paid but little attention to them.



Bowland, Mass.

1910.

April 17  
(No 2)

Two which I saw this morning, however, present such a strange appearance and acted in such a remarkable manner that I watched them for half-an-hour or more with absorbing interest. When I first noticed them they were on the eastern margin of the Little Permanent Lagoon when the Thick-kings breed so numerously, moving first in easterly almost if not quite as fast as a man habitually walks on smooth, firm ground, one following directly behind the other at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. That they advanced not only rapidly but with very easy, with a smooth, gliding motion which reminded me of that of Gallinaceous Birds and was very crane-like. Occasionally they would stop and stand erect for a minute or so but when walking they invariably

Remarkable  
behavior of  
American  
Pintails

Canada

1910.

April 17  
(No 3)

maintained a crouching attitude, with the back  
strongly arched, the belly almost touching the ground,

Bitterns  
with white  
plumes

the neck so shortened that the lowered head and

bill seemed to project only a few inches beyond the

breast. This, in general shape and carriage, as well as  
in gait, they seemed to resemble

Phalaropes or Grebes much more than Herons. But

the strangest thing of all was that little birds

showed extensive patches of what seemed to be pure

white on their backs between the shoulders. This

made them highly conspicuous and quickly led me

to conclude that the birds must be something new

new to me and probably—because of their attitudes

and swift, gliding movements—Phalaropes of some

species with which I was unfamiliar. Thus far

I had been forced to view them with unaided eyesight

but when I had reached the cabin and they too

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 17  
(No 4)

edge of our boat canal twenty opposite, I secured Bitterns  
my opera glass and by its aid quickly convinced with white  
myself that despite their unusual motions and plumage  
the conspicuous white on their backs they could be  
nothing other than Bitterns.

I was now joined by Miss E. R. Simmons Bitterns  
Miss Alice Eastwood (the California Colonel) and fighting  
my assistant Mr. R. A. Gilbert, all of whom became  
at once deeply interested in the birds which were  
now standing erect by the canal about twenty  
yards apart. Suddenly both rose and flew  
straight at one another, meeting in the air at  
a height of eight or ten feet above the marsh.  
It was difficult to see just what happened at  
this precise instant but we all agreed that  
the birds came together with the full force of



Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 17  
(No 5)

The momentum of rapid flight then climbing Bitterns  
fighting.  
in some way, apparently with both feet and bills,  
descended nearly to the ground. Just before landing  
it they separated and sailed (not flew) off to  
their former respective stations. After resting some  
a few moments the mutual attack was resumed  
in precisely the same manner as at first, only  
~~sometimes less vigorously~~. It was not repeated after this.

Although a most spirited tilt (especially on the  
first occasion), by antagonists armed with  
formidable weapons (the dagger-like bills) one  
could not see that any harm resulted from it  
to either bird. When we crossed the river in a boat  
some fifteen minutes later both Bitterns were still

standing near the Canal. Up to this time both had  
shown the white continuously but at disappeared as we  
were approaching them. The hole fight when we were on  
the canal of the river. We got within 20 yards of the water  
before a mud when it was walked on the mud.

Barnard, Mass.

1910.

April 18

Cloudy with fine, steady rain. Forenoon cool with  
chill East wind; afternoon warmer with light, soft, South wind.

Bitterns

Gilbert kept a close watch for the Bitterns during  
the forenoon (when I was at the Farm) but nothing  
was seen of them until about 2 P.M. when both  
birds appeared in the marsh near the Canal but  
on its eastern side. H. G. Purdie was now with  
us (having come to Hall's Hill yesterday forenoon). He,  
Gilbert and I had the Bitterns under observation  
for more than an hour, using our glasses freely, of  
course. During this time the birds remained about  
one or two hundred yards in extent of the Canal-  
side, keeping for the most part, however, near the  
edge of the river, here about 150 yards wide.  
There was no tilting on this occasion nor did they  
ever approach each other nearer than thirty yards while

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(No 2.)

not infrequently they swim more than 100 feet apart. Bottoms  
As soon as the sun yesterday they raised their heads  
very low and at times to flattened to the ground  
that they resembled big, snout-crawling tortoises  
rather than birds, as they moved in and out  
among the lily-pads for on this occasion they  
pursued devious courses which usually ended near  
the starting point. They did not seem to be looking  
for food but rather to be inspired by restlessness  
or perhaps, as I was inclined to think at the  
time, by a spirit of rivalry. For as both birds  
"jumped" at frequent intervals I concluded that  
both must be males and this was much connected  
with their behavior which suggests that they were  
chiefly engaged in "showing off", apparently to each  
other solely, for if there was a female anywhere



Concord, Mass.

1910

April 18  
(No 3)

near at hand I failed to see her. Moreover one of them "pumped" the other was seen to respond within two or three seconds, sometimes facing his rival, sometimes turning in another direction.

During most of the time when they were in this mood together both birds showed the white which we saw yesterday but when one of them finally flew away the other ceased altogether to display it although we had him in view for a considerable length of time (fully 20 minutes) during which he pumped rapidly. I will never succeed to describe it more fully than I was able to do yesterday. It was seen much better and for a longer period to-day with the added advantage that on this second occasion I was able to check as well as supplement my own

Birds

Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(no 4)

observation and impressions by those of Purdie & Williams  
Gilbert, both of whom have with me the whole  
time and paying equally critical attention to the  
matter. At first we differed even before in certain  
minor details but all these differences of opinion  
were finally harmonized and what I am about  
to say is now subscribed to by all three of us.

The white first appears at or very near the shoulder  
of the folded wings and then expands, sometimes  
rather quickly (more abruptly, however) but often  
very slowly until, spreading simultaneously from  
both sides, it forms two ruffs ~~each~~ fully equal  
in length and breadth (apparently) to the hanks  
of a large man but in shape more nearly like  
the wings of a Grebe or Duck. Their tips  
point sometimes nearly straight forward, sometimes

Concord, Mass.

1910

April 18  
(no 5)

more or less backward, also. As they rise above Bitterns  
the shoulders they spread towards each other  
at right angles to the long axis of the birds  
body until at their bases they nearly meet  
in the center of the back. They may be held  
(without apparent change in area or position,  
thus, for many minutes at a time, during which  
the bird may move about over a considerable  
space of ground or perhaps merely stand or crouch  
in the same place. We frequently saw them  
fully displayed when the Bitterns were pumping  
but not more so nor in any different way than  
at other times. When the bird was moving  
straight towards us with his body carried low  
and his wings fully expanded he looked like  
a big white fowl having only the head and  
bright dark-colored the breast often looking nearly



Concord, Mass.

1910.

Apr 18  
(no 6)

black) ~~for in this respect~~ at the distance Buttress  
at which we viewed him (perhaps 200 yards) the  
broad ruffs, rising above and reaching well out on both  
sides of the back and shoulders completely masked  
anything on this rear while the head and the  
throat and neck were carried so low that they were  
seen against the breast and hence added nothing  
to visible area of dark plumage. When he was  
moving away from us in the same ascending  
attitude the ruffs looked exactly like two  
white wings nearly as broad as those of a domestic  
pigeon - but less long - attached to either side of  
his back just above the shoulders. When we  
had a side view of him the outline of the  
ruffs was completely lost but there seemed  
to be a band of white as broad as ones hand

Coussard, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(No 7)

afternoon between the slenderes garden across Bittern  
the back. Thus whichever way he moved ~~off~~ faced  
the white was always there. Most conspicuously,  
however, when he turned towards us. It was  
not was dull or faint or even yellowish, whether  
seen in bright sunlight, as on the morning of  
the 17<sup>th</sup>, or under dark evening skies, as  
on the afternoon of the 18<sup>th</sup>. But the anything  
at all times and under all conditions when  
we saw it at all it appeared to be pure  
white. When the bird was ~~passing~~ through the  
thick, rich green grass or over blackish mud, at a  
distance of two hundred yards or more, the  
white was often the only thing we could see. It  
made an odd impression on the mind, as it  
moved about without visible means of propulsion

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(No 8)

and had we not known just what it was it Belted  
might well have puzzled us to account for it.

When the bird was standing or crawling  
rather than decide the same conditions of  
environment it looked exactly like a  
small patch of snow or a grass-land  
thicket of white poplar, lying in the marsh.

It was so very conspicuous that any one looking  
out casually over the marsh could not  
have failed to notice it at the first glance.

As I have said it opened out rather slowly  
as a hole and never very abruptly. Its  
disappearance was effected in a corresponding  
manner. With the help and under the criticism  
of Percie & Gilbert, & with the birds showing it  
conspicuously at the time, I made a model of it



Bowdoin, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(no 9)

Act from a sheet of brown paper as in Pittman.  
stored by the river in front of the cabin. This  
model I now paste on this sheet of the journal  
folding it of necessity. When opened it shows  
the ruffs fully expanded & of their actual size  
as they looked to us; is making no allowance  
for the distance at which they were seen.



Covered, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(No 9)

Art from a sheet of brown paper as on Bittern.  
stood by the side in front of the cabin. This  
model I now paste on this sheet of the journal  
folding it of necessity. When opened it shows  
the ruffs fully expanded & of their actual size  
as they looked to us, i.e. making no allowance  
for the distance at which they were seen.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(no 10)

Buttern.

On reaching home, late this afternoon, I at once examined all the Butterns in my collection. Most of them unfortunately are females or males killed in autumn, none of which have white or whitish any where save on the throat. But two or three adult males taken in spring possess tufts of yellowish white feathers of peculiar & apparently <sup>special</sup> structure which are attached to the sides of the breast just under the shoulders. By teasing & spreading these I have been able to produce something resembling what we saw at Concord only very much smoother and not finer white. Gilbert, who has just looked at them, agrees with me that the Concord birds (he saw them flying again on the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup>)



Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(no 11)

must have had plumes more than double Belted  
the size of those in my skins and fur,  
not yellowish, white. When I gave an  
account of the matter at a meeting of  
the Natural Club this evening one of the  
members (Mr. Freeman) suggested that the  
Belted may increase the effectiveness of  
the display of these feathers by inflating  
the skin to which they are attached and  
thus causing them to stand out much  
farther than they otherwise would. Even  
if this be so I doubt if feathers as large  
or more numerous than those possessed by  
my specimens could be expanded into the  
broad, full, sunny ruffs shown by the  
Belted seen yesterday & to-day at Concord.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(No 12.)

It is conceivable, of course, that the Bitterns ruffs displayed by the living birds were much less large and white than they appeared. I should certainly suspect that this may have been the case were it not that the observations I have just noted were made with such care by two different persons and under widely varying conditions of light and shade. Hence I have felt justified in recording our mutual impressions of what we saw despite the fact that my skins of Bitterns do not seem to confirm it altogether. One thing, however, is quite sure viz. that the plumes, be they long or short, white or yellow, are used for display in the interesting way I have described.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

April 20

A flock of 13 Cedar Birds in the Putnam's  
apple tree in our garden early this forenoon.

They are the first that have appeared here this  
spring. As I was watching them two birds  
perched on the same twig about six inches apart,  
passed one of the tiny apples (no larger than  
blueberries) back and forth a dozen times or  
more in quick succession, each holding it but  
for a second or less in the tip of its bill.

One stood erect and still the whole time; the  
other on receiving the apple regularly made a  
complete turn on its perch before passing it back  
again. This movement was accomplished so  
quickly and deftly that it was difficult to follow

with the eye but as nearly as I could make out the  
birds simply gave a slight upward hop and then turned  
in the air without opening its wings. It was one of  
the very prettiest things I have ever seen. I

Cedar Birds  
passing  
a tiny  
apple  
back &  
forth.

do not know how the apple was finally dropped &  
it did offend. One of the birds may have  
it or it may have been dropped. I know not which.



Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

April 20

(No 2)

Clear & warm with fresh S. W. wind.

I came to Concord late this afternoon provided Bitterns with a gun and prepared to shoot a Bittern if I could but find one showing white ruffs. Three males were jumping at 6 P. M. & later, one in Pollen's meadow below the cabins, one near the middle of Great Meadows, the third was at the edge of the river in the marsh directly opposite Benson's Landing and was accompanied by a smaller, darker-plumaged bird which, without doubt, was a female & his mate. I watched the pair for more than half an hour. Although the male jumped at frequent intervals he showed no trace of the white ruffs. During most of the time the female was within twenty yards of him and for ten or fifteen minutes within three yards. He invariably faced her when she was near him when he was jumping but neither bird showed any trace

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 20

(No 8)

of sexual odor or excitement and there was nothing Bitterns  
suggestion of the demonstrations of courtship on the part  
of either. Both behaved altogether differently from the  
Bitterns seen on the 17<sup>th</sup> & 18<sup>th</sup> and, indeed, quite  
after the usual manner of their kind. When they  
walked it was with dignified slowness standing well  
up with bodies raised lifting and putting down their  
feet with marked deliberation. They croaked a few  
times over a pool of water remaining there for many  
minutes, evidently on the watch for prey, in an attitude  
closely similar to that of the Night Heron & Great Blue  
Heron when similarly engaged. Once then I plunged  
her head suddenly under water & drew out something  
which she first shook violently & then swallowed.  
She spent very much of the time with her bill pointing  
straight upward, her neck elongated, her body plump.

Barnard, Mass.

1910.

April 20  
(1914)

compressed, the head, neck & body looking all about of Bittern  
a thin and not much larger around than a woman's  
waist and the whole bird resembling very closely a  
stake nearly a yard in length being straight up  
out of the marsh & of a weathered greyish color.

The ♂ did precisely the same thing but less often  
and for shorter periods. It was perfectly evident  
that both birds were apprehensive of danger of  
some kind and <sup>almost</sup> constantly on the watch for it.

Indeed they appeared much more alert and suspicious  
than any of the other Herons, such as the Great Blue  
or the Great White Egrets when seen under similar conditions.

I was somewhat surprised at this and altogether  
delighted by this wonderful grace of form and

movement. Seldom if ever before have I had so favorable  
an opportunity to watch Bitterns which were pursuing  
their usual associations wholly unaware of my near presence.  
For I was wholly concealed from their birds



Coward, Mass.

1910.

April 20

(No 5)

Bittern

During the time I had them under observation they moved around in a nearly straight course along the edge of the river but so very slowly that the total distance covered was not more than forty yards. At length the male rose and flew down river two or three hundred yards. Although he perched a number of times in this new station the female did not follow him. .

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 21

Sunny but hazy; forenoon calm; fresh E. wind in afternoon

Spent almost entire day watching Billards.

Went two miles pumping in Great Meadows sometimes within 50 yards of our another, sometimes 200 to 300 yards apart. Whenever they approached one another within 100 yards they acted like the two seen on the 17<sup>th</sup> & 18<sup>th</sup> crawling about over the meadow and showing the white ruffs more or less conspicuously. One appeared to have small <sup>yellowish</sup> ruffs, the other large pure white ones. When the latter bird was facing away from me the ruffs looked exactly like a pair of white wings shaped much like those of a Domestic Pigeon but smaller (perhaps two-thirds as large). They seemed to <sup>lie</sup> ~~seemed to lie~~ nearly flat on the back with the tips pointing straight backward thus.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 21  
(the 2.)

But whenever Tom Bottom turned his side towards me the ruffs seemed to stand almost straight up on each side of the neck just above the shoulders thus:



When he faced me the effect was like this: -



When in the last mentioned position the ruffs made much less show than those seen on the 18<sup>th</sup> which were more like this



I tried in vain to shoot the white-ruffed birds seen to-day. They would not let me get nearer than 100 yards before taking wing. Neither attempted to hide but merely stood looking at me until they

White  
ruffed  
thrushes of  
the Bottom



Concord, Mass.

1910

April 21  
(No. 3)

thought I was getting dangerously near when they flew to a distant part of the meadow returning to their original stations soon after I went back to my canoe. There was simply no cover of any kind and it was impossible to stalk them.

As I was talking a well known Pine Partridge just after sunset I heard something making a loud continuous rattling among the dry leaves on the bank of Bole's Hill. Presently a very small hen Partridge appeared walking singly down the hillside. On coming under a wind off the trees that stands on the edge of the woods she flew straight up into it without making the slightest sound of wings and began Cudding. Standing within thirty yards of the tree I watched her closely through my glasses.

Partridge  
"Cudding"

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 21  
(No 4)

She worked very busily for about 15 or 20 minutes, <sup>Partridge</sup> "budding"  
pecking at the buds almost as fast as a hen pecks  
up corn and molting, as nearly as I could average it,  
about two pecks every three seconds. They were made  
in every direction, straight up and down as well as  
to all sides. Every minute or two the bird changed  
her perch, sometimes, a yard or two among  
the smaller twigs just as if she had been on the  
ground. When reaching for buds below her feet held  
the world level for forward and downward with  
~~outstretched neck~~ but I did not see the tail  
cocked up above the line of the back as happened  
with the birds observed at Ten Town in March  
eight or ten years ago. This Partridge seen to night  
called every few minutes kraut, kraut, kraut-1-1, kraut-1-1.  
in rather peevish tones. After finishing her supper she  
flew down to the ground with a heavy fluttering sound &  
I saw no more of her. It was then nearly dark (7.55 P.M.)

I do not think the bird caught sight of me. I was behind a tree  
or can suggest any presence. During the whole time she  
kept looking at me from time to time as if  
to look about her or  
to see if I could see her.

Bowcord, Mass.

1910  
May 8

Morning sunny & warm; afternoon cloudy & cool with showers.

As I was crossing the opening behind Ball's this morning I heard a rustling in the dry leaves on the edge of the woods near a large woodpile; the next instant I saw a small hen Partridge scuttling off in a jerky manner with her body flattened close to the ground, her head & neck curved low, her wings partly open & their tips trailing. She moved very quickly and evenly but in a nervous manner, winding in & out among the stems of the trees. After going about ten or fifteen yards she took wing in the usual manner & flew off over the dump. Feeling sure she had started from a nest I advanced cautiously & presently caught sight of the eggs, wholly unincubated, in a depression on the foot of a gray birch on the very edge of the cover about 15 yards from where I had stood when I first saw the bird & about 20 yards from the mountain laurel in which a Partridge would last year hold her brood. There were 12 eggs in the nest found to-day, two on top of the others.

Nest of  
Ruffed  
Grouse



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 8

(112)

When I last visited the Farm on April 18 there Bats in  
wood shed.  
were no Bats in the loft over the wood shed. To day  
I found 12 there in a cluster in the usual place.  
Judging by the quantity of dung on the floor beneath they  
must have been there about a week.

The Broad-winged Hawks are back in their usual haunts  
Haunts  
haunts at the Farm. I heard one of them this  
afternoon and soon afterwards saw her soaring over  
the sun. Half an hour later I saw a bird which  
I took to be the ♂ although I was not sure it  
was not the female. It was flying over the oak  
woods near where the nest was last year, screaming.

Deer are said to have been numerous of late. Deer.  
Our farm hand, Harry Adams, saw two near  
Buckley's house this morning. I found a fresh track  
in the cut road behind Beck's Hill.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 8  
(No 3)

The discomfort of lying under the greater heat of last night was compensated for in large measure by the interest of hearing Swamp Sparrows singing almost incessantly for two or three hours before daybreak. There were at least two and I think three of them. During the period just mentioned (probably from 1 to 3 a.m.) I heard one or more of them every few or five minutes, and often there would be two or three songs uttered within the minute.

Bitterns, also, were heard every five or ten minutes during this same period. It is very unusual, according to my experience, to hear them pumping in the middle of the night or indeed at any time when there is not at least some daylight.

The stars were shining brightly all night but there was no moonlight. The air was calm & warm.

Swamp  
Sparrows  
singing  
freely in  
middle  
of night

Bitterns  
pumping  
in middle  
of night

Concord, Mass.

1910  
May 10

Clear and cool with fresh N. W. wind.

I walked by the Partridge on her nest this morning within 20 Partridge  
yards <sup>less from</sup> without starting her but when I stopped and turned about nest.

To look for her with my glass she left her egg at once (although  
I was then fully 40 yards away) and scuttled off in rather the  
same manner as on the 8<sup>th</sup> rising on wing after going down  
twenty yards. As she was running she reminded me of a Wood  
chuck by her general appearance & movements.

As I was strolling through Pine Park this evening I Partridge  
started a Partridge from the wild apple tree where I watched feeding (?)  
one feeding on April 21<sup>st</sup> last. - Which I have no real  
proof that the bird seen this evening was (or had been before  
I started her, similarly engaged I do not doubt that such  
was the case. If so it is the latest date in spring when  
I have known a Partridge to "feed", I did not see the  
bird to night very distinctly, as it was late & the light was poor.  
She made a loud noise with her wings as she left the tree.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 8  
(No 4)

Shortly after breakfast I noticed enormous numbers  
of newly-hatched larvae of the Sympy moths crawling up  
the trunks of the trees along the south side of Rolle Mill  
Some of the gray birch stems were literally black with  
them. Large numbers were following our anthers closely  
along three strands of spider web that led from a  
cluster of small hawthorns to the roof of the cabin  
across an intervening space of nearly 20 ft. The strands  
were several feet apart and eight or ten feet above  
the ground. They swayed slightly in the light breeze  
but this motion did not check the tiny caterpillars  
which kept steadily on in endless procession, one after  
another, across the suspension bridge. Of what avail can  
"tough foot" be on a thin trunk against such daring  
& unscrupulous invaders? My cotton night shirt hanging  
on a nail on the cabin roof was quickly covered with them.

Thousands  
of larvae of  
Sympy moths  
followed on  
single  
strands of  
spider web  
to roof  
of cabin

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 15

Morning clear & warm up to 10 o'clock. Remainder of day cloudy with frequent light showers of fine rain.

Two Yellow-bellied Cuckoos, the first seen here this spring, appeared in the trees in front of the cabin about 9 a.m. I think they were a mated pair. One in a leafy maple uttered the long call ending with tan-tan-tan. The other in an oak but thinly foliated gave the single coo and also a peculiar low, wailing cry which I do not remember ever hearing before and which in quality but not in form, reminded me of the autumnal voice of the Screech Owl. Both birds remained nearly motionless on the lower branches for eight or ten minutes uttering their different notes, one answering the other.

Notes of  
Yellow bell  
Cuckoos.

11 Thrasher sang vigorously all the morning in the thickets across the river. Near the cabin we had a Grosbeak, a Phoebe, two Song Sparrows & a Nashville Warbler. At evening a Very in-fall sang & a Whippoorwill across the river. A Winter Wren came over the marsh & river at 10 a.m. - whistling.

Birds  
singing  
near Ball's Pt.

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 15  
(No 2)

Spotted  
Sandpiper

Yesterday afternoon and to-day at the farm-house I saw a pair of Spotted Sandpipers feeding along the margin of the little pond dug last year in front of the horse shed at Boss's Hill.

They were very tame allowing me to approach within 20 yards.

As they "teased" along the margin of the water this motion obviously, tended to conceal rather than to reveal them. I saw them first

and found long worms (earth worms, apparently) from the mud

and swallowed them. One bird looked a trifle larger than the

other. This one I took to be the male. He "showed off"

Showing off

every now and then by spreading his tail, half opening his wings

and ruffling the body plumage so that he looked even larger

than before. Both birds kept up a low conversational whistling

in exquisitely sweet & melodious tones using the ordinary spring

call, subdued as to volume.



Dorchester, Mass.

1910.

May 15  
(the 31)

Harry O. Adams, our farm hand, found a Hawk's nest in the Barns here. It contained one egg about warm. He said the bird came about "waking or whistling noise". I visited it this evening about 7 o'clock. As I had expected it proved to be a nest of the Hooded-winged Hawk which have bred in these same woods for several years past. It was fully 300 yards from the site of their last year's nest (in which they raised 2 young) on the south side of the barn in a straight, rather slender, young <sup>white</sup> pine having dead lower branches nearly down to the ground. The nest is scarcely larger than a wide bird's feet hole & is about 18 ft. above the ground. The tree stands on the edge of a wood road. As I approached it, walking slowly along the road, the bird, ♀, I suppose, left the nest when I was some 20 yards away & flying about 30 yards alighted in a maple within the lot looking down at me in silence. I then walked quietly off & left her.

Nest of  
Hooded wing  
Hawk

Lowell, Mass.

1910  
May 15  
(No 4)

As I was returning from the Farm about seven o'clock this evening I was not a little surprised as well as delighted to hear a Hermit Thrush in full, continuous song in Birch Field or rather in the larger trees which border it on the South side near the Spring. As I stood listening to his glorious music another Hermit began chucking on the other side of me and out among the Birches. There can be no question that this was not the singer for his liquid notes continued to come from the deeper woods of old trees all the while that the chucking was coming from the birches in the opening. I cannot help hoping that the presence of these Thrushes here, with ~~the~~ in song, at least a date, means that they are a winter pair which have settled for the summer in what is really a haunt admirably adapted for a breeding ground.

Two veery song were heard this evening.

A 2 Hermit  
in full song  
✓ another  
bird chucking,  
in Birch  
Field at  
evening

Concord, Mass

1910

May 17

Clear & warm with southerly winds. Frost in early morning.

Two Red-eyed Vireos (in song) were the only arrivals noted. There

should have been a good bird wave with this warm one.

As Gilbert & I were at breakfast this morning (about 7.30) we saw what we took at first to be a muskrat swimming across the river. When it first attracted our attention it was out two or three rods from the Bedford shore opposite the mouth of our boat canal. It came directly towards the cabin swimming very fast with its head held high. As it approached nearer we caught sight of a broad fluffy tail held a little above the surface and by this recognized that the creature was a Gray Squirrel. It landed near our canoe first. As it emerged from the water its legs feet belly & the tip of its tail were soaking wet but its head, back, sides & most of the tail

is that perfectly dry. For a minute or more after reaching firm ground it remained in one spot lifting up its feet, one after another, & then stamping them down as if they were chafed. Finally it hopped to the trees & disappeared. It was a rather small "Gray". Although its general course across the river was straight I noticed that it kept zigzagging a little by inclining alternately to right & left. I have never seen a Gray Squirrel do this before.

Gray Squirrel  
swims across  
Concord River



Concord, Mass.

1910

May 17  
(No 2.)

Fish of nearly every kind appear to be very scarce in the river this spring. We have tried for them repeatedly but have caught only a few Perch, an Eel and three Rock Bass. No Brown nor Shiners have taken our hooks. Randal thinks that the chemicals discharged into the Assabet at Maynard are killing the fish here as well as above. He tells me the river banks were lined with dead ones last summer. It may be that he is right but the river has been fished very hard for several seasons past & I suspect that has had something to do with it. I have looked in vain along our shore for nests of the Brown or Sun Fish. There was one for every yard or two of gravelly bottom only a few years ago. We caught the last fish of this species in 1908 trying for them without success last year.

Scarcity  
of Fish

Due to  
chemical  
waste from  
mills at  
Maynard,  
perhaps!

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 19

Clear & cool with fresh N. W. wind.

Late yesterday afternoon and early this forenoon  
I went over the Farm very thoroughly with a view  
to getting as nearly complete a list as possible of  
the birds that have settled here for the summer for  
purpose of comparison with a list to be made a  
few days after the grounds have been sprayed. The  
men began this work this morning, using a hand/pump  
barrel sprayer in a wagon and a stream of kail  
mixed with well water in the proportion of

Birds at  
Farm

I have never known birds more numerous  
or in greater variety (save for the almost entire absence  
of north-bound migrants) than they have been on both  
these days. I noted only those which were seen or  
heard within 100 yards or so of the house, mostly in  
the elms, the orchard, the lines of trees along the lower  
the berry pasture & the outskirts of the berry woods.  
The list follows on the next page.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 18-19

(No 2)

Birds noted on Barrett Farm just before it was sprayed

Census of

1. Merula migratoria. About 8 pairs. Two new nests one birds at on house, four in apple tree (1 with young 1 with 2 eggs), 7 farm
2. Galuscaptes Carolinensis. One singing in shrubbery front of house 18<sup>th</sup> the pair together in garden, 19<sup>th</sup>
3. Harporhynchus rufus. One singing in second growth behind old barn (near hen house)
4. Sialia sialis. One in field across road where I think there is a nest in the box in old apple tree.
5. Panes atricapillus. One whistling perch in orchard
6. Sitta Carolinensis. Pair feeding young in nest in hole in big elm front of old barn.
7. Minioptila varia. Two singing along wood edges.
8. Helminthophila chrysophaea. One singing in Berry Pasture on afternoon of 18<sup>th</sup> (possibly migrant)
9. Coropostolus typicus a. ussuri. One singing in oaks near old barn (doubtless a migrant).
10. Dendroica aestiva. Two males singing near house on morning of 19<sup>th</sup>, one afternoon of 18<sup>th</sup>
11. Dendroica maculosa. One singing in the thorn on 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> (a migrant, of course)
12. Dendroica pennsylvanica. One singing behind barn, another on edge of farm.
13. Dendroica blackburniana. One singing near Puffer Rock on 18<sup>th</sup> (doubtless a settled bird)
14. Dendroica virens. Two singing along wood edges.
15. Seiurus aurocapillus. Two singing in woods.



Boncourt, Mass.

1910  
May 18-19  
No 3/

Birds noted on Barrett Farm just before it was sprayed.

16. Setophaga ruticilla. ♂ & ♀ in grass behind barn, another  
♂ singing at foot of barn. Carpenter of  
birds at the  
Farm
17. Vireo olivaceus. One singing near barn.
18. " solanus. Pair with nest in wood apple tree  
in front of red barn. One bird on nest. Nest empty.
19. " flavifrons. Pair at work on nest in elm  
just behind wood shed.
20. " gilvus. One singing in big elm front of house  
morning of May 19. Possibly not better here.
21. Troglodytes aedon. Silent bird in wall by end of shed  
on 19<sup>th</sup>
22. Hirundo erythrogaster. Two flying about.
23. Tachycineta bicolor. Pair with nest in box at hen house,  
another in box near house. Two pairs at Retchin place.
24. Piranga erythromelas. One singing at edge of woods.
25. Cardinalis purpureus. One singing near house. It  
has been here ever since April.
26. Spinus tristis. A pair eating dandelion seeds (15<sup>th</sup>)  
A male in full song (19<sup>th</sup>)
27. Coereba graminea. At least one pair in field  
across road (Lawrence's field)
28. Spizella socialis. At least four pairs with two  
more at Retchin place. Nest 1 egg, May 19. in  
apple tree just behind our house.
29. " pusilla. One singing in Berry Pasture,  
another in Retchin place (both May 18/)

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 18-19  
(No 3/)

Birds noted at Barnet farm just before it was sprayed.

Centers of  
birds at the  
Farm

30. Melospiza melodia. One pair along lane, another in garden at rear of house.
31. Pipilo erythrophthalmus. A pair in thicket front of house & in berry patches also.
32. Hydromela ludoviciana. One singing in orchard & in trees along lane. Several notes.
33. Cyanospiza cyanea. A ♂ singing in elm over lane on both days.
34. Dolichonyx orizivus. A ♂ singing in (Lawrence's) field across an road from my house.
35. Molothrus pectoris. One heard.
36. Sturnella magna. One singing in (Lawrence's) field just north of our hen house.
37. Icterus galbula. Two males singing & flushing through thin elm foliage in pursuit of a ♀.
38. Corvus americanus. Several flying about.
39. Cyanocitta cristata. Heard in distance. (Bird on nest in deep hollow tree to Barnet)
40. Tyrannus carolinensis. One in orchard front of house on May 18.
41. Myiarchus cinchus. One in orchard front of house, very noisy. (Heard first May 12.)
42. Sayornis phoebe. ♂ singing, ♀ sitting on nest in barn cellar (Same nest as last year). Another pair nesting at Rethin flower.
43. Empidonax minimus. Pair in orchard at rear of house.

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 18-19  
(No 4)

Birds noted at Barrett farm just before it was sprayed

Census of  
Birds at the  
Farm

44. Trochilus columbis. ♂ perched on dead twig of apple tree in flower garden (his old haunt) on 18<sup>th</sup>
45. Chaetura pelagica. Two flying above house.
46. Dryobates pubescens. Pair nesting in elm over shed
47. Colaptes auratus. One in orchard on 18<sup>th</sup>
49. Buteo latissimus. Pair nesting in elm. One bird heard over west on 18<sup>th</sup>
50. Bonasa umbellus. At least one pair in elm.
51. Phasianus colchicus. One among in Hens field opposite Rethin place, another on road to Benson.

(Putting as certainly migrants the Powder Mill and the Magnolia birds we have left 49 species which may be safely classed as summer residents of this farm. Allowing most of them to be probably noted the total number of individual birds would be about 130.

To the above list I added this evening (19<sup>th</sup>)

52. Geothlypis trichas. - One singing in Berry Pasture
53. Turdus fuscescens - " calling " " "
54. Anthus trivialis One singing in Barrett Thicket.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 19

On May 12<sup>th</sup> I visited the cellar under the little shop on the Ritchie place finding there a Phoebe's nest with four eggs. I examined the nest again yesterday afternoon when it held five eggs. On both occasions the eggs were cold. On neither did I see or hear a bird about the place. But as I was approaching the shed this afternoon (about 5 o'clock) a Phoebe came flying swiftly towards me from the direction of the cellar closely followed by another. After several sharp turns & twists the two birds came together in the air at a height of about 15 ft. and there descended rather slowly to the earth chirped together and wheeling around and around. At first I thought it was a fight between rival males but when I got within 15 or 20 feet I saw that the birds were copulating. Never before have I seen the sexual act performed in anything like the same manner by birds of any kind. It lasted at least five minutes during which the couple were

Remarkable

sexual act

by pair of

Phoebes

Boucard, Mo.

1910

May 19  
(No 2)

not over broken. Moreover the motions of the male were very  
unlike those of other birds I have seen similarly engaged and  
very like those of certain mammals, consisting of a great number  
of rather slow, deep thrusts given, however, with exceeding vigor.  
Indeed his sexual order seemed to amount almost to frenzy,  
and to suffer no abatement as the minutes passed. Throughout  
meanwhile lay prone on the ground with wings half spread  
and tail under spread, his body heaving & pulsating. The  
male held her firmly by the feathers of the occiput, under  
his bill. Every now & then he would shake her violently  
when she would flutter her wings. Once when he did  
this the two birds rolled completely over without separating.  
Even when at length she freed herself and flew off to  
a telegraph wire he pursued her readily & attempted to again  
unite with her his passion evidently not sated. Altogether  
it was a most surprising exhibition for a pair of birds.

Sexual act  
of  
Phalaropes

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 19  
(No 3/)

A line of tall oaks with undergrowth beneath them ascends the hillside on the north of our farm orchard ending, a little below the barn in a cluster of wild apple trees. As the men were spraying one of these this morning I noticed a pair of Solitary Vireos flitting about, keeping just beyond the cloud of poison - laden mist, whining in low, querulous tones as they are given to doing when disturbed. After the men had passed on my eye was caught by a bird's nest suspended in one of the apple trees just mentioned at a height of about 9 or 10 feet above the ground. On it a Solitary Vireo was sitting quietly. I went to the house for my nest examining mirror. When I returned the Vireo was gone. The nest proved to be empty but neatly finished inside. No doubt the Jays have caught this pair of birds but their eggs are not safe in leafy woods such as they can find.

Saw a pair of Yellow-throated Vireos at a nest in the elm behind our wood shed where they had one last year.

Nest of  
Solitary Vireo  
in apple tree  
near barn

Nest of  
Yellow-throated  
Vireo



Concord, Mass.

1910

May 20

Clear & warm (about 80°) with light southerly winds.  
The most summery day of the month thus far.

No signs as yet of any ill effects on the birds from  
the spraying of our orchard & other trees yesterday. It is  
true that the Solitary Vireo was not seen near this week  
& that the Golden-winged Warbler was not heard but pretty  
much all of the other birds noted yesterday were observed  
in the same places to-day. I noted nothing new to my  
May list and the only north-bound migrants seen or heard  
were two House Wrenblers and one dull-colored White-throated  
Sparrow. When are the Black-poll, Bay-breast, White-throated  
Blue and Canadian Warblers, the Wilson's Black-caps and  
the Water Thrushes? Not one of them\* has as yet come  
under my observation and the month is now passing  
it out. Richardson, whom I saw this morning, says that  
birds of almost every kind are scarce at Concord. So  
are they hereabouts except on this farm.

Effects of  
spraying

\* The Rev. Mr. Dyer of Concord has just telephoned  
me that no one of these species has been  
noted by him or yet. He is a keen observer  
& much in the fields & woods near the village

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 20

(No. 2)

Robins are unusually numerous about the farm house but strangely silent. Not once have I heard more than one singing at any one time and during some days I have failed to hear even one; yet yesterday & to day I have found no less than seven new <sup>#</sup> nests within 100 yards of the house on six of which I saw birds sitting. Five of these nests are in leafy apple trees; the other two are on the front of the house at its opposite ends and have only about 25 feet apart, on corners just under the projecting eaves. One nest has three eggs, the other then a four young about a week old. I have seen the old birds on both nests at the same time, or rather one was on just as the other was flying off. which comes to the same thing. I doubt if there is a single Robin's nest anywhere in the woods on the farm now as I know of one at

Alfred Brown

→ Review

*[Faint handwritten notes]*

\* On May 22 I  
found two more nests  
one with young the other with  
but single, both in young  
pines on point of Indian glass  
only 3 or 4 feet up. I saw  
hundreds of eggs, nests, and  
young & adults in trees & on the  
ground.

Ball's View, The Japs have taught the Koreans a bitter lesson  
of last years & they have clung closely to the traditional of non

Barnard, Mass.

1910.

May 20  
(No 2)

A pair of White-bellied Nuthatches have frequented our  
Nest from ever since I have known it. During most springs  
they have withdrawn to the woods to breed but this year I  
have seen them in the large trees about the house up to the  
present time. Yesterday and again to-day I observed them  
taking food to a large horizontal branch of the big elm that  
stands in front of the bird. First one and then the other  
bird would come from the orchard with a small grub in the  
top of its bill and alighting on the branch would run quickly  
to a certain place on its upper side and then drop down out  
of sight, soon reappearing without the grub. Three times on  
a most warm but from the ground I could see no hole of course.

Repeating that I did a very odd thing usually when the ♂ was

in the supposed hole & out of sight. Standing in our place on  
the upper side of the branch very near the hole (?) she would  
swing her head from side to side just as a mouse does  
his body, her bill just touching the bark. This movement was  
kept up for half a minute at a time with great regularity  
when the ♂ was in the hole. Sometimes she would show a slight  
quiver of her bill, exactly as the mouse does.

White-bellied  
Nuthatches  
feeding young  
in nest



Concord, Mass.

1910

May 21

Cloudy with light southerly to easterly winds & increasing misty rain.

Arrivals Water Thrush 3 ♀, Lincoln's Finch(?) 1 ♀. No other north bound Arrivals  
migrants of any kind seen or heard. I had expected a  
big bird cover to-day following the warm weather yesterday (last  
night was very warm) but it did not come.


No less than three pairs of Orioles are building in the elms Orioles  
on the Farm, a number never before equaled, I think, since I nesting at  
have owned the place. One nest (found to-day) is in an elm Farm  
in front of the Bungalows at the back end of the garden, another  
in the young elm just at the rear of the house, the third in  
the big drooping elm in our close yard (about 20 yards from  
the second nest and 100 yards from the first). The first two  
nests were begun, I should judge, on the 19<sup>th</sup>. I saw the bird  
begin the third yesterday morning about 8 o'clock. As I was  
standing under the tree she came with a single strand (it

looked like a strand of wool fiber) and looped it between two  
things not far feet above my head. I could see distinctly that  
it was the very first. The bird knotted one end about the twig  
& pulled at it long & hard several times, then drew the other end in  
the same way. She worked at least 5 minutes before she descended  
it was most interesting to see her push & draw the end round & round & tug.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 21  
(Wed)

using her sharp bill most deftly. When she finished at the strand to lighten the knot the first forth her utmost strength tugging & tugging and every now & then flopping her wings as she threw her head & body backward. When finally released the strand hung in a wide, deep loop like this . She worked nearly all day yesterday and quite all of to-day in the rain. The nest looked like a very flimsy affair this evening. The male occasionally accompanied her to the nest showing off & "flirting" but he gave her no help. The other two birds worked through to-day also & their notes heard in the same way. There was only better singing on the part of any of the warblers either yesterday or to-day. All the apple trees were speckled with masses of leaf on the 19<sup>th</sup> but none of the elms have been speckled as yet. All these male Orioles are fine singers of the old-fashioned type. All are new to this place & I may judge by their voices.

Oreole  
Bird song  
nest.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 21  
(No 3)

As I was on my way to the farm from Ball's Hill, on  
May 18<sup>th</sup>, I saw a Blue Jay sitting on her nest in a small  
white pine within 20 feet of the road where it dips down  
into the hollow just this side of Benson's. To-day I  
visited the nest in company with the Messrs. Dexter. The  
bird was on sitting with her tail perpetually over one side  
of the nest and her bill pointing upward at an angle of  
45° over the opposite rim. He stood directly beneath her for  
several minutes, talking, without disturbing her. Then by  
flourishing on top - too I reached up and touched her tail with  
my fingers at first touching it under skin gently, then touching  
it hard finally pushing it up and swinging with some  
violence. I failed in this way to elicit any mark of alarm or  
even notice on the part of the bird; but when one of the Dexters  
attempted to touch her bill she bounded up into the air &  
flew off with a loud scream.

A flock of six Blue Jays ranged back & forth over the whole  
farm & neighboring woodlands through the entire forenoon. Several  
loudly & giving the Hawk who. They acted like a band of noisy comrades. I saw

Nest of  
Blue Jay.  
I touch  
her tail  
on the nest.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 22

Morning sunny & warm; afternoon cloudy with chill east wind.

No arrivals noted, no north-bound birds of any kind seen or heard. It looks as if the migration were practically ended. The woods dense with foliage and very many of the trees, such as maples & birches, in full leaf.

About 7 o'clock this evening I hear from our former house, faintly but with perfect distinctness, the song of a Hermit Thrush coming from a considerable distance towards the westward, apparently from the young oak woods on Lawrence's land beyond my Berry Pasture. The bird continued singing as long as I remained sitting or about five minutes. I wonder if it were the same Hermit I heard in Birch Field a few evenings ago.

Hermit Thrush  
Singing near  
Berry Pasture

Edbert found a Yellow Warbler's nest this morning. It is very conspicuously placed in the very tip of a thin-foliated snow-berry bush just behind our house within five feet of the painting window. Soon after he showed it to me I heard the birds making a loud, continuous outcry similar to that of a small bird in the clutches of a hawk or cat; c-c-c-c-c-c very shrill and plaintive. Hurrying to the window I saw the 2 Warblers flitting excitedly about the nest & one of in it her wing, & tail spread, her bill wide open. Within two feet of her was a ♀ Baltimore Oriole sitting motionless regarding her with what seemed to me a cynical expression. A moment later the Oriole fluttered to the nest and the Yellow Warbler left it precipitately. Just as the Oriole began taking at the outer corner of the nest, evidently to penetrate it of material to work into her own in the clay mortar, I tapped our tin window loudly & frightened her away. Soon after this the Warbler came back & inspected the nest carefully. It is practically finished but empty.

Oriole tries  
to steal  
bird's  
material  
from nest of  
Yellow Warbler

Cousad, Mass.

1910.

May 23; Cloudy with storm, strong S. W. wind.

The migrations still "hang fire" if, indeed, they be not over after having shown us the merest trace of what we usually see during this month. Not a single northern breeding species has come under my notice since the 21<sup>st</sup> & Mr. Dexter reports the same experience in the neighborhood of Cousad Bridge.

No migrants  
passing now.

As I listened, this morning, to a Redstart singing in the oak grove behind our barn it occurred to me that a wren might well have thought he was having at least then or four Redstarts. For the bird kept varying his song and it was sufficiently diversified in character to seem to come from several different directions in the course of a minute or two.

Song of the  
Redstart.

Carolina Doves have been very scarce here this spring and I have not yet heard one coo. But I had the pleasure of seeing a pair and a single bird flying low over Green Field this afternoon.

Carolina  
Doves  
in  
Green Field.

There is much freshly ploughed land there now & that always attracts them.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 23

(No 2.)

The single bird made a continuous, rather hoarse, whistling sound with its wings which I could hear distinctly at a distance of over 100 yards but the other two flew close past me in perfect silence. They alighted in a tall tree with the downy remarkable abruptness that is so characteristic of the Passenger Pigeon checking their great speed only at the last moment, when within a few yards of the chosen perch, they showed peculiarly vigorous & pronounced wing strokes. As the single bird passed me it looked exactly like a Passenger Pigeon and quite as large, I thought. Indeed for an instant I was thrilled by the suspicion that it really was a Pigeon & then I heard the hoarse whistle of wings which, of course settled the matter the other way. I know of few more graceful and attractive birds than these doves, especially when seen in flight circling over our open fields.

Carolina  
Dove.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 24:

Clear and very warm (about 85°) with light S. W. wind.

There was evidently a light bird wave of north-bound migrants passing to-day. Soon after breakfast I heard singing in the run at the Farm a Wilson's Black-cop (not previously noted this spring) and two Black & Yellow Hoathes (of which I have found but one individual before). Mr. Dyke reports by telephone that two or three Black-jacks and four or five Black-throated Green Hoathes were singing in the village about Concord in the early morning. During his morning walk he found a Heucton's and a Sawanna Sparrow singing in the fields near the Poor Farm where I found both species breeding in 1886 or 1887 (I have not heard for them there since).

A light  
bird wave  
arrives.

Heucton's &  
Sawanna  
Sparrows.

Dorchester, Mass.

1910.

May 25

Cloudy with strong, warm, humid S.W. wind which brought  
light rain in late afternoon.

A Black-face Woodpecker singing in the oaks & elms near the  
house was the only north-bound migrant noted here to-day.

Only one  
north-bound  
migrant.

As I was strolling through the garden about 8 o'clock  
this morning I heard the shrill squeak of a Hummingbird coming  
from our Syringa hedge. Approaching this I was met a little  
surprised to see a ♂ Hummer in hot pursuit of a ♀ who

Love flight  
of Ruby-crowned  
Hummingbird.  
He chased  
female about  
in dense  
bushes.

was dodging about through the densest possible tangle of twigs  
in the very heart of a large Syringa bush. For nearly a minute

He makes  
three different  
sounds as  
over.

The two birds kept up their game of hide and seek without over-  
they took very short flights - often not more than two feet - from twig to twig  
showing themselves for a moment.

Then the ♀ engaged with the ♂ in

close chase. She must have returned to the Syringa bush after

doubting back although I did not see her again. For the  
male quickly came back and began the pendulum love flight  
directly over it swinging down and up in a deep curve a

1910

May 25<sup>th</sup>  
(No 2)

down twice or more his gape expanded and glowing like  
a burning coal or a big ruby. Standing within two yards of  
the bush (which he just brooded at each downwood swing) I  
distinctly heard him make three different sounds at once.  
One was the shrill squeaking made at all seasons, by  
both sexes, when disturbed or excited, another the loud  
bee-like droning sound of wings (sometimes varied to  
a sharp buzzing rather than a droning sound), the third  
a humming-tup sound very like that made by Ischnura  
gratiosa as I heard it in Colorado years ago. The  
squeaking & buzzing were incessant or nearly so; the  
humming tup sound was emitted most of the time when  
the bird was rising & falling but it ceased for an  
instant when he was perching. I have never heard

T. colubris make it before perhaps because I have never seen  
near enough to a flying ♂. The mystery is how could the  
bird make this sound & the humming or droning one at the same  
time. That he did it is beyond all question.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 26

Partly cloudy. Warm with fresh S. W. wind changing to N. W. at evening.

Observed - Night-hawk 1 perching in our big elm at 8 a.m.  
A Black-poll & a Black & Yellow Warbler & the only northern migrants noted.

Migration

Since our apple trees were sprayed (on May 19) I have not noticed any falling off in the numbers of our local birds.

Bonnet Farm

sprayed a

second time

(oaks, elms etc)

Indeed I feel reasonably sure that, thus far, they have not

been affected by the poison to any extent. To-day I

had the large elms about the house, the oak grove

behind the barn, the Hickories between the barn &

the Brigadier, the line of tall oaks, elms etc. leading

from the back yard down towards the woods, and the

border of the wood roads leading to the Rithie place

and to Bush Field, very thoroughly sprayed with a

strong solution of arsenic of lead. This, I fear, may lead

to a good deal of damage to the birds. Gilbert picked up a dead ♂ Oriole this morning in the road in Corbitt where spraying by the town has just been done.

Dead Oriole

found in

road.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 26  
(no 2.)

When the men were spraying the large elm in front of the barn this morning the pair of Nuthatches were greatly disturbed flying close about them & calling loudly. Harry Adams examined the nest and reported that he could see several young birds in it. The hole enters directly in from the upper side of a horizontal branch as thick as a man's thigh & then runs back nearly level for a distance of about 12 inches. Both old birds carried food into it after the men had gone.

Visited a Field Sparrow's nest with 5 eggs found yesterday by Giddist. It is in a little red cedar on the knoll at the Beech place about 12 inches above the ground. I do not remember ever finding one in a cedar before.

The young in one of the Robin's nests on the front of our house were out of the nest in the forest this to-day. The other Robin has hatched her young. It was pretty to see her fondling them this morning as she sat on the nest. Rising slightly she would peep beneath & thrust her bill in under her breast as she some time calling cac-cac-cac very like a Blackbird (in Agassiz). I do not ~~remember~~ ever hearing a Robin make this sound before.

Robins  
with young

Conesid, Mass.

1910

May 26

11631

Although during the past week I have seen some more than two male Orioles about the farm on any one time I found, in the elms near the house, two nests well begun on May 20 and a third which the ♀ was laboriously beginning with the very first thing, on the 21<sup>st</sup>. All these birds have been at work more or less constantly ever since up to to-day when they seemed to have all finished their labors. Yesterday they were lining the nests with dry grass. I think the two found on the 20<sup>th</sup> must have been begun the day before that. There is no doubt that the time required for completing the nest varies somewhat with different birds, ranging at least from four to six days.

These nests  
of Baltimore  
Orioles built  
in from  
4 to 6 days

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 27

Early morning clear with cool N. wind. Afternoon cloudy & warm. Light thunder shower about noon & heavy one at 5 P. M.

Arrived. Wood Thrush 1 singing at morning & evening in Barrett Run.

Arrived

Wood Pewee 1 " near storm boat house off Balls Hill, same.

1 " at Farm behind barn at 7 P. M.

North-Bond migrants (previously noted) were Black-bell Warbler 2x,

North-Bond

Usnea Warbler 1x, Wilson's Black-cap 1x, Horn Thrush 1x.

migrants

A Maryland Yellow-throat at Balls Hill repeatedly began his song (otherwise normal) by a peet-weet as long later than of the Spotted Sandpiper that I thought for some time that there was a Sandpiper calling whenever the Yellow-throat sang.

Maryland

Yellow-throat

was old

song.

None of the Orioles settled at the Farm seem to have suffered any injury as yet from the spraying. I have seen a pair at the nest one on day after the other. At sunset I saw all three males within a foot or two of one another in the top of a large white oak that has been half-stripped of its foliage by brown tails. They were feeding on large hairy caterpillars which looked like brown tails. I saw them pick them off the leaves and then shake & batter them against the twigs just before eating them. One bird descended from the top of the caterpillars while I was watching him. The oak stands near the road just behind our house. I saw the same house sparrow today it was found water yesterday but none of this grub reached the twigs where the Orioles were at work this evening.

Orioles

eating brown

of brown tails

which in

spanged oak

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 28

Partly sunny, pretty cloudy; cool with high north wind.

Arrived. Tennessee Warbler, a ♂ in full song 7.30-9 a.m. in the oaks behind our house and in the line of winged oaks, elsewhere on north side of orchard. In these same trees or trees some where I heard singing 2 Black-polls, a Louisiana Black-cap, an House Wren and a Black & Yellow Warbler. Another Black & Yellow was singing near Ball's Hill in the swamp behind Burrows' Knoll. Thus there has evidently been another light flight of north bound migrants.

At Ball's Hill, where I spent most of the day, there were only a few birds although more than I have found there before this month. A pair of Grosbeaks, a ♂ Towhee, a Red-eyed Vireo, two Maryland Yellow-Anthro (♂♂), a Black-throated Green Warbler, an Oven-bird, the pair of Phoebe's, two or three Robins, three Blue Jays & two Yellow-billed Cuckoos make up the full list of those noted actually on the hill or as its base.



Concord, Mass.

1910  
May 30

Cloudy & cool with fresh E. wind

At Balls Hill a Water Thrush was singing near the cabin at 9 a. m. and a night-hawk keeping somewhere in the distance about 3 P. m. These were the only north-bound migrants noted to-day.

On May 8 I recorded in this journal the finding of a Partridge's nest within a few yards of a large woodpile on the edge of the opening behind Balls Hill. A few days later Harry O. Adams, our intelligent farm hand, reported finding what we both supposed was the same nest since he said it was very near the woodpile. His count of the eggs, however, was 11 whereas I had made the number 12. Since then I have visited the nest a number of times always finding the bird sitting until to-day. He has not been there again until to-day. At 4.30 this afternoon I stumbled on a hen Partridge with a brood of young on the crest of a hill behind the cabin & not over 80 yards from the woodpile. Meeting Harry a few minutes later I said "I think our Partridge has hatched her eggs", telling him what I had just seen. He suggested a visit to the nest to make sure. As we approached the woodpile he turned in to the right of it, I to the left. Instantly a dispute arose as to just where the nest was each of us maintaining he was headed straight for it: I knew its exact position to a foot & Harry thought he did. I had difficulty to get him to back in any place & when he saw the eggs (there were 11, not 12, & they looked very dense as if about to hatch) his face expressed utter astonishment & mine, no doubt, triumph. After looking keenly about him for a moment he said with great assurance "Mr. Brewster that is not my nest, let me now show you mine." He then led me straight past my nest to a distance of not over 30 or 35 yards where by the side of a disused fence path on the edge of the woods,

A colony  
of breeding  
Partridges

Coveled, Mass.

1910

May 30  
(No 2)

among thick bushes, under a clump of ferns ~~was another nest~~,  
also with 11 eggs. These looked brighter and fresher but it is now  
over two weeks since he found them. The bird was not seen at this  
time (ie when he showed them to me) nor was my bird seen.  
But a half hour later I found my bird on the nest as she  
was yesterday afternoon. I did not go to Harry's nest a second  
time to-day as the light was poor. Then I found I could  
not see him without disturbing her as the spot is very closely  
shaded.\*

In all my life I have never before found nor heard of,  
two nests of the Partridge any time when he was together. There,  
too, there was the hen with the brood of young. Although  
apparently several days old they must have been hatched in  
the immediate neighborhood of Ball's Hill. Harry found a brood on  
the 26<sup>th</sup> May in Pine Park about 100 yards from where I met  
couple there to-day. To add to the mystery it is several  
years since I have heard a cock Partridge drum anywhere  
in the Ball's Hill region (on April 2, 1910 Gilbert heard one  
on the South side of the hill not far from the cabins but  
he heard it only a few times, all the same morning). I  
have reportedly seen an old cock drum, however. He  
must be an odd bird if he can manage to attract to  
himself & to keep three wives without ever giving them  
a divorce. And if there be more than one cock it is  
surprising though that I have heard no drumming especially as  
I have been living at the hill a long part of the past  
spring. Taking it all together I am fairly puzzled to  
understand the matter at all. It certainly looks as if  
the two hens which still have eggs must belong to a single  
cock however the cock may be with the hen which has  
young.

Colony of  
breeding  
Partridge

\* Harry visited  
the nest again after I started for the  
farm. As the bird was not there he  
examined the egg clump & found that  
my own hen's egg was almost hatched & that  
the other was to the same stage. I  
then saw the two hens & the young.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 31

Forenoon rainy; afternoon fair with occasional glooms of twilight.  
Cool with wind at first easterly, afterwards W. to N.W.

The only north-bound migrant noted was a Black-bellied Warbler singing in the oak grove at the farm.

I spent most of the day rearranging things in our barn cellar with the help of two men. The Phoebe has a nest there in the usual place on a shingle nailed to a beam near an open window, at a height of about seven feet. At first they were greatly disturbed by our presence but they became reconciled to it as the day wore on. They were feeding five young almost fully grown & fledged but still in the nest. Both birds came with food in their bills every two or three minutes & sometimes very minute. Sometimes they came together, sometimes singly. Nearly half the time they brought Dragon-flies some of the largest size. These were given to the young just as they were caught with the long gawny wings, the long body etc. intact. They were swallowed almost at a gulp by the ravenous young which kept up a low

Phoebe  
feeding young  
in nest on  
Dragon-flies

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

May 31  
(No 2.)

Chattering loud suggestion of unopposed hunger. The old birds usually alighted first on a box and then flew up to the nest joining in front of it on rapidly beating wings for two or three seconds. Once I saw one of them fly off with a white element back. At one time when two of my men were working almost directly under the nest an old bird went to it & fed the young. The old ♂ (I assume it is the ♂) roosts regularly in the wood shed attached to our house, flying into it as twilight is falling.

The Nuthatches are still feeding their young in the nest in the elm in front of the barn. I watched them for nearly half an hour this morning. They usually came to the nest one or two or three minutes. When one came just after the others had fed the young & was apparently about to leave the branch it often

transferred its morsel of food to the bill of a mate who sat on the twig above & entered the hole with it for the young. Moreover I noticed this closely it was the ♀ who brought & the ♂ who received & took in, the food. This was always a small rounded object like a beetle or its larva.

Nuthatches  
feeding young  
in nest.



Barnard, Mass.

1910

June 7

On June 4 I saw three Cow-birds, 2 males & 1 female,  
flying through our orchard apparently looking for birds' nests.

Cow-birds

These were then together there again this morning but with  
the proportion of sexes reversed i.e. there were 2 females and  
only 1 male. The last perched close together on a dead branch  
for several minutes. Shortly after this I saw a ♀, presumably  
one of this trio, fly straight to a cow yard's nest of Bris  
florifrons in one of our long elms. Alighting on its rim  
she looked down into it intently and then flew away in  
apparent disgust closely pursued by a female Redstart and  
one or two other small birds that I could not identify.

They made a rather loud outcry such as would have been  
the case had they been disturbed by the presence of a Jay or  
Hawk. This seemed to me to indicate plainly that they  
were quite aware of the indirect danger due to the presence  
of the Cow-bird. I had not known before that her real character  
is thus known to any of the birds she visits on.

Dorchester, Mass.

1910.

June 9

Clear & warm. Cloudy in late P. M. with distant thunder.

Helminthophila  
leucobronchialis  
♂ & ♀ on nest  
5 egg-yng.

I went to Dorchester this morning to see a nest of Helminthophila leucobronchialis. Walter Foxon & his friend Dr. Tyler found it on June 5 when the ♀ was sitting on 5 eggs and when they saw, fleeing about in the trees nearby, singing and chasing one another, a ♂ H. leucobronchialis and a ♂ H. chrysopleura, both typical birds. The nest was not visited on the 6<sup>th</sup> but on the 7<sup>th</sup> Mr. Foxon went to it & found the ♀ sitting. He did not disturb her. The next day (8<sup>th</sup>) he went again & found her feeding five young apparently only just hatched. On this last occasion he saw the ♂ leuc. near the nest but the ♂ chrysopleura was not there.

Then he, Percival & I went to the place about 10.30 this morning we found the nest undisturbed & no birds near it or far.

It was built well up above the ground on the side of a dry ditch between a clump of meadow ree and one of Golden rod (S. rugosa.)

Lexington, Mass

1910

June 9

(No 2)

The spot was rather densely shaded by a big cotton pine but just beyond the cottonwood which formed one side of the ditch lay a comparatively open, sun-bathed space growing up to bushes blackberry, brambles etc. On the other side was an extensive tract of low-lying woodland with large trees, chiefly maples, oaks, etc. which forms of various kinds grow in great luxuriance and profusion. From this latter side we made our first approach to the nest. I saw it almost at a glance from a distance of 40 or 50 yards for it was a bulky affair (quite or large on an average nest of *Ardea herodias*) and only imperfectly concealed by the foliage of the red & golden rod that was above it while the bottom of the cottonwood ditch in front of it was covered only with a growth of short, fine grass.

The young raised their heads & opened wide their mouths when I looked down at them. They were about double the size of the eggs of a *Helminthophila* & although chiefly white

Helminthophila  
leucostriata

Lexington, Mass.

1410

Jun 9  
(he 3/

showed a few patches or tufts of light yellowish down which *holoseri.*  
*leucophaea*  
Faxon tells was the same as that of yesterday.

Within two or three minutes after I had looked at the young the ♀ parent came with food in her bill. We were then standing by the trunk of the pine about 15-feet from the nest. The bird saw us and began chirping very like a Maryland Yellow-throat. A few moments later she began making a wholly different noise, very harsh and abrupt sounding, like the harsh grating chatter of a Marsh Wren. Evidently she was now greatly disturbed by something, apparently a Chipping Sparrow which appeared on the bank just above the nest. He kept steadily on & as soon as he was out of sight the bird ceased chattering & began chirping again. We saw her now to the best possible advantage as she hopped & flitted about among some low shrubs close to the nest, especially alighting on the top strand of a willow fence in full sunlight & showing her upper & under parts & her sides, by turns.



Lexington, Mass.

1910.

June 9

(No 4)

She was unmistakably a Leucobronchialis having no trace of  
ashy at the throat or cheeks. Her entire under parts looked uniform  
dull white save over the breast which was lightly suffused with  
pale yellowish. There was a narrow well defined line of blackish  
through the lores but it did not seem to reach back of the eye.  
The crown was dull yellow, the back greenish olive. There  
was a double wing band of yellow rather bright and fine  
for a female bird. The line of separation between the two  
yellow bars being distinctly marked. The bird was very  
restless and active keeping constantly on the move, ~~but~~  
flirting her tail (which she carried rather high) and wings.  
She did not go to the nest at this time & after carrying the  
food for several minutes it disappeared. At length she was joined  
by a ♂ H. chrysophus who had food in his bill. This he gave  
her almost at once, both birds meeting on a low branch & flitting  
their bills as the morsel was passed from one to the other. The

Helmin  
Leucobronchialis

Lexington, Mass.

1910.

June 9  
(1904)

failed to see where one of said birds is. The male was a prospectively Helmis.  
typical Chrysophanes in high plumage with jet black throat & cheeks. Leucotrachialis.

Soon after this we heard the song of what I should have unhesitatingly called a Golden-crowned Kinglet coming from a solitary oak tree stood in the open being then about 30 yards from the nest. After seeking about this tree for several minutes we finally saw the bird and he proved to be then a Leucotrachialis an exquisitely Brownish and ultra typical one. There was not the slightest trace of yellow on his under parts which seemed to be everywhere clear, silvery white from the chin to the crown including the sides. The black line through the eye was very strongly marked, the yellow of the crown deep & rich, the ~~upper~~ back clear ashy. The yellow bars on the wings were broad & well-defined & prominent. All this we saw distinctly for the bird was in full daylight much of the time. He sat for minutes on a dead twig singing many times without

Dorington, Mass

1910.

June 9  
(no 6)

moving anything but his head. At first he sang the  
ti-ti-ti-ti, Zee song (which the Golden-wing also uses),  
repeating it a score or more times without variation. It  
reminded me very strongly of the song of the Yellow-hammer  
of Europe. At length he changed to the Zee, dee-dee-dee-dee  
song which as far as I could make out was exactly  
like that of Chrysomitris. Altogether he spent at least  
ten minutes singing in this oak and then flew away  
over an open meadow to distant woods. After he began  
singing he neither sang nor heard anything of the other two  
birds, at least until sometime later. When on returning to  
the place from visiting the opposite side of the swamp, we  
found the ♀ sitting quietly in the nest. She came so close down  
in it that one had to stand directly over it to see her. She  
frequently had bill well exposed & her long dark eyes looked  
straight into mine as I bent low over her. We did not approach

Holm. leucobranchialis

Lexington, Mass.

1910  
June 9  
(m 7)

One sitting alone on the top of the pine covered summit  
in hopes one of the birds would come. At the end of a  
very few minutes the ♂ chrysosplen appeared with food  
in his bill. For at least ten minutes he flitted close about  
the nest sometimes approaching it within a couple of yards  
and evidently wishing to visit it and feed the ♀. But  
he could see us and he was suspicious. At length  
he settled on a low twig & sat there almost motionless  
for a long time. Still holding the food in the tip of his  
bill. Finally he flitted off through the shrubbery & we  
saw him no more. He all agreed that he must be  
the mate of the ♀ "Leuco". Although up to this morning  
the evidence had all seemed to indicate that the ♂ leuco  
was her mate. The latter looks exactly like the Bird Foxen  
found three years ago on the other side of the branch  
about 150 yards from where the nest is this year (see also  
records).

Helmia  
leucobranchialis



Bevington, Mass.

1910  
June 4  
(hs8)

In the afternoon 7:30 or thereabouts we took a walk to the golf links on the north side of Davis Hill where he & Dr. Tyler have seen two pairs of Prairie Horned Larks of late and heard them sing. They have first noticed them by Dr. Tyler two years ago. He saw only one to-day a typical ♂ without trace of yellow on throat or crown. He was feeding on a broad space of clean cut turf & allowed us to approach within about thirty yards.

We had him under observation for ten or fifteen minutes. During this time he made no sound nor did he call when he finally took wing and flew to a distant part of the grounds. A number of hawks were flying over the town & several parties of them passed near the spot where he was feeding without disturbing him. There can be no question of course

that these larks are breeding here, probably in one or another of the patches of sweet fern & sandy grass scattered over the bare hills.

Prairie  
Horned Larks  
breeding in  
Bevington

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 11

For nearly if not quite a week the Downy Woodpeckers  
nesting in the elm over our shed have been feeding their young  
at the mouth of the hole. Yet I have failed thus far to see  
anything of the young even when the act of feeding took place. I  
do not think it is now done by regurgitation, after the manner  
of the Flicker, for whenever one of the parent birds comes  
to the nest the food held in the tip of its bill is very  
obvious and usually of the size of a red beetle or Cyn. Moreover  
the bird disposes of it very quickly & without any peculiar motions  
of the head merely thrusting its bill into the hole and a few  
seconds later withdrawing it & flying off\*. From morning to night  
the young keep up a ceaseless clamor doubtless in volume when  
the parents appear. It is unlike the sound made by young  
Hairy Woodpeckers or Flickers and very similar in a general way  
to the chirping of black fled chickadees only louder & more  
insistent. It is exceedingly tiresome & is getting on my nerves.

Nest of  
Downy  
Woodpecker

\* On June 12 I saw the parent feed the young under conditions  
so favorable for observation that I can report with confidence  
positively that regurgitation was not used. The bird simply inserted  
the food as a Flicker in a chaffy insect. I saw it enter the hole  
all five short seconds into the entrance hole. I saw it enter the  
the whole thing took less than a minute. I saw it enter the hole  
the whole thing took less than a minute. I saw it enter the hole

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 11

(No 2/

This is the sixth consecutive year that the Downy Woodpeckers <sup>nest of</sup>  
Downy  
(presumably the same pair) have bred in the same long, much woodpecker

decayed branch of the elm by our shed. A fresh hole has  
been made every year so that there are now six of them  
in a long straight line on the under side of the branch  
which is nearly horizontal. During the time when the birds  
have eggs and young the entrance hole is invariably at where  
it was first made and is very small that the woodpecker  
can only just manage to squeeze in & out by wiggling head  
for a second or two. But sometime the following autumn

(I do not know just when)

or winter, the hole is newly drilled in such a that one  
might mistake it for that of a Hairy. This at least has  
been the case with all the nests but one which is, I think,  
the last left of which still remains as it was at  
first. I have little doubt that all Downies regularly enlarge

their nesting holes in autumn to provide sleeping quarters during  
the winter when it does not matter if the entrance is somewhat large  
as an adult bird can in little or no degree of awkward or slow motion

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 12

The young left one of the Robins' nests under the eaves on the front of our house on May 26. Since then I have seen them with their parents about the place almost daily but not until this morning have I seen either of the parent birds at the nest. The female came to it with a bit-fork of dry grass which I was drying this morning, however, and after that I saw her make repeated trips of the same kind. Evidently she is relining the nest preparing to lay a second clutch of eggs in it.

Robin  
relining nest  
for second  
clutch

Blackburnian Warblers are breeding as numerous on our place here this season as they do in the main woods. There are two males singing in Ralph's Rock woods, one in Prescott's firs, one on Davis Hill, one on Pine Ridge and one at North Hill. - Never before have I known so many here in summer. I attribute this increase to the crowding in of

Unusual  
abundance  
of breeding  
Blackburnian  
Warblers

birds driven from nearby localities by the cutting or burning of the pine woods which has been so general in Concord of late.



Dorchester, Mass.

1916

June 16

Within the past three or four weeks we have sprayed practically every tree and shrub within 150 yards of the former home besides some thirty acres of woodland at Birch Field, Pulphit Rock, Bolls Hill & Davis Hill. As far as I have been able to determine no harm has resulted to the birds. They continue as numerous as usual in the sprayed woodlands and they are much more numerous than I have ever before known them to be at this season in the orchards, shade trees and woods on the farm. Although I have kept the closest possible watch on them in the immediate neighborhood of the home where almost every leaf is blue with alarvae of Aed (I have been so for weeks) I have found no dead birds nor missed any living ones. Here they are having exceptionally good success thus far with hatching & rearing their young for the Jays, Crows & Red Seminals have neglected them but little if at all. I see them getting food (consists of various kinds) among the poisoned foliage and feeding it to the young.

Lancaster, Mass.

1910.

June 16  
(no 2/)

in the nests apparently without its effects. The only evidence to the contrary thus far secured is that furnished by a ♂ Oriole which Gilbert found dead in the road in Carlisle under down trees which had just been sprayed.

Over three pairs of Orioles at the farm are all busy now with the care of their young in the nests. I see the ♂♂ as well as the ♀♀ bringing food to the young, chiefly small, smooth, green caterpillars which could later contain worms. The ♂♂ bring food when their bills are filled with them.

The Redstarts have young in the nest in the Hawthorn opposite tree in the garden. I saw the ♂ (a fine adult bird) feed them this afternoon. (Afternoon (June 17, 18) saw this many times.)

The brood of young Downy Woodpeckers apparently left the nest in the elm over the shed yesterday or the day before. Gilbert

found the remains of one of the young (fully fledged) under the tree yesterday morning. One (or both) of the old birds deserted persistently to day in the nesting tree & behind the barn. I saw it only once & then it was the female. I could not find the young -

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 18

A hot, sultry day, calm for the most part, clear with clouds gathering in late afternoon and thunder thunders booming about, some coming near us.

Most of the numerous birds which are nesting close about our house are having exceptionally good success in hatching and rearing their young. The Crows, Jays and Red Squirrels are not molesting them at all this season perhaps because the location of the brown-tailed & greyish moths supply them with abundant food in the woods. I have both Crows & Jays daily in the distance but I have seen them only occasionally along the wood edges of the farm and not once near any of the bird-nests. A Red Squirrel appeared in the elms in the close yard yesterday & spent an hour there. I thought at first he was nest hunting for he searched every branch from base to tip with the closest attention. But he caused no alarm among the Orioles, Robins, bees etc. and after getting out the gun I fired at him again when I saw him reportedly take from the under side of a leaf & eat what I am nearly sure was a larva caterpillar.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 18

(No 2/)

Whenever I pass very near the apple tree in which the Crested Flycatcher are nesting one of the birds is sure to fly out of the hollow branch which I put up two years ago & in which I found a nest at the close of last summer after the Flycatcher had gone. To day I approached the tree very carefully making our nearly plunged and when my footsteps made no sound. Yet the Flycatcher must have heard me coming for before I got under the branch (which hangs about 15 feet above the ground) she appeared at the mouth of the hole. For a few seconds she remained there motionless and then flew to another tree in perfect silence. This behavior is quite characteristic of her and her notes. They fly about unseen when very near our working under a more than tree which holds the nest but I never hear them utter any sound there although

Behavior

of  
nesting

Crested

Flycatcher

they are still noisy enough at times (less often than a week or two ago, however, in other parts of the orchard or in neighboring woods.



1910.

June 18  
(no 4)

over. The ground is so covered with lopped off branches  
as to be impossible except by means of the cart paths  
and ancient wood roads along which one may walk with  
perfect ease. I traversed several of them this afternoon.  
Over a tract at least 1000 acres in extent there are fine  
trees standing which are to a greater height than can be  
fifteen feet but sparse growth over the thin grass & open trees  
spring up everywhere, though the wreckage left by the  
wood choppers. As I had anticipated would be the case  
the entire region literally swarmed with Foxgloves & Chelidonium -  
sided Foxgloves. and I heard one or two Maryland Yellowthroats  
although the land is cleared & exceedingly dry. I had not

Brushwood  
Country

thought of Hermit Thrushes but they were there in numbers equal to any thing one might expect to find in the most favored parts of northern Maine & New Hampshire. At one time I heard three notes in quick succession and in walking half a mile I must have heard as many as four or five all told. One bird was a perfect singer. Without doubt the bird (or birds) I have noted occasionally on the Farm of late came from this colony lying less than a mile to the westward.

Colony of  
Hermit  
Thrushes

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 18  
(No 3)

Late this afternoon I walked up the road as far Devasted  
woodland  
as Everett Mason's and then turned in on the left crossing  
his farm and the back pasture where his fine old  
chestnuts formerly stood. Only two or three of them remain  
standing and the remainder who are there have utterly devastated  
the beautiful fine woods left them on Abbott Lawrence's farm.  
In breaking the branches and other waste they have seriously  
injured if not quite ruined the great black oaks which The big  
Bear Oaks  
remained  
a Black Bear was once shot and which Lawrence would not  
permit them to cut. Its lower branches are scratched &  
battered and it stands alone in a green & blackened waste.  
The big chestnut and a fine white oak are the only  
other trees of any size that were spared in this once  
secluded and most attractive piece of woodland.  
Most of the country beyond was cut over about the  
same time or shortly before that but it was not burned

Rosecord, Mass.

1910.

June 19

Clear & warm with light westerly wind.

A nest of the Red-eyed Vireo containing three eggs of the rightful owner and one of the Cross-bird was found (by Gilbert) in an apple tree in our orchard on June 8. When I next looked into it on June 17<sup>th</sup> it held a young Cross-bird, newly hatched, and the three Vireo eggs. To day (Sat 2 P.M.) there were two young Vireos, an unhatched Vireo's egg, and the young Cross-bird. A few years ago a Red-eyed Vireo not only hatched but reared two or three of her own young birds a young Cross-bird, in a nest in this same orchard. I wonder if this will be repeated. The nest now just referred to is the only one that has ever come under my notice where any young of the rightful parent were reared with a young Cross-bird.

Red-eyed  
Vireo  
hatched 2  
of her young  
birds in  
Cross-bird.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 19  
(No 2.)

White-bellied Swallows are now feeding young almost wholly fledged in two boxes at the Farm and two on the Ritchie place. Both sexes share this labor equally and keep at it steadily from morning to night one or the other coming to the box every two or three minutes. As a rule they go no further from it than fifty to one hundred yards, hovering for insects just above the tops of the trees in & about the garden and orchard. The grace and precision with which the becoming bird alights just below the hole with its wide spread tail pressed against the front of the box & its feet clinging to the lower rim of the hole are admirable to watch. The young now show their heads and twitter when they hear the old one approaching. She does not enter the hole except every now and then to remove a small white excrement sac which she carries fifty or sixty yards before dropping it. Altogether I know no more attractive birds than nesting the Swallows with young.

White-bellied  
Swallows  
feeding  
young.



Concord, Mass.

1910

June 19  
(No 3)

One of the Wood Pewees (the male I suppose) of the pair which always nest in the big tree about our farm Wood Pewee has appeared at sunset this evening at a height of about fifty feet above the open space formed by our flower garden flying in small, irregular circles on a perfectly level plane calling free-ee-e, wut'l - wut'l; free-ee-e, wut'l - wut'l a dozen times or more. I have no doubt this was a true flight song which I cannot remember ever seeing the Wood Pewee perform before although I may have done so & forgotten it. While circling and calling thus the bird beat his wings rather slowly & steadily and kept his tail wide-spread. I hear his sweet, plaintive free-ee-e (and sometimes the impatient wut'l also), or the "dying fall" form of it, in our tall elms at all hours of the day from dawn to dusk

into the evening twilight. Perhaps there is no sound more pleasing & restful to the senses in all nature.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 19  
(No 4)

While Gilbert and I were at Ball's Mill this morning he called my attention to a nest which he had just seen a ♂ Red-winged Blackbird enter and then fly from, a female being within a yard or two of it at the same time. The ♂ was singing near it when I saw it. It looked like a Red-wing's nest but was built on the horizontal branch of a white maple over our boat pit and at least 15 feet above the water. The branch was leafy at the end but not where the nest rested on it. The nest was, indeed, as conspicuous as that of a Robin. Recent heavy rains have flooded most of the river woods to the depth of a foot or more. This fact may account for the peculiar situation of the nest just described if, indeed, it is, as Gilbert & I think, a Red-wing's. We could not examine it closely to-day.

Nest of a  
Red-wing  
Blackbird  
in a  
peculiar  
situation

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 20

Clear & very warm with light N. winds.

As I was flushing through dense woods (in the Pine) Cote  
this afternoon I heard the shrill clamor that Tree Swallows  
make when in pursuit of a Hawk and perhaps at no  
other time. The next instant a large female Cooper's Hawk  
came over me from the direction of our home, flying  
just above the tops of the trees at amazing speed with  
five or six Swallows trailing along behind but keeping up  
fairly well.

Cooper's  
Hawk

For the first time this year I heard a Dove cooing  
not far from the house in a large oak by the cow pasture.

Cassina  
Dove

I cannot quite understand why these chasing birds  
have so persistently avoided our woods for the past few  
years unless the Hawks & Jays have driven them  
off. But ~~not~~ Cooper's Hawks have been in our woods  
this year & I have seen them there only a few times.

Bowdoin, Mass.

1910

June 20

(No 2)

On June 16 I found the nest of a Brewer T. Lyrebird <sup>Nest of</sup>  
in our orchard built in the normal way in the fork of <sup>Brewer</sup>  
a rather stout twig (as thick as my finger) and not  
closely surrounded by leaves. The bird was sitting & I  
did not disturb her. Three days later I found another  
nest in a very unusual situation - about 25 ft. above  
(not thicker than a grass stalk!)  
the ground at the extremity of a long slender branch of  
an apple tree in a cluster of leaves so dense that  
I could scarcely see the nest from anywhere on the ground.  
My attention was called to it by seeing the bird enter  
it. She did not come out again while I was there.  
On going to the first nest (the two were only about  
30 yards apart) I found it lying on the ground under  
the tree. As I was looking at it a T. Lyrebird came  
and looked at the fork where it had been very closely.  
I think we have only one pair of Chelons on the River.



Barnard, Mass.

1910.

June 20  
(No 3)

A "creaky" Robin has been at work recently in the  
open shed at the Ritchie place where, on a long, low  
beam that supports the roof, I found to-day no  
less than eight nests, each occupying the space between  
two rafters that rose on the beam. The central nest  
of this interesting collection was completely finished &  
neatly lined but empty. In both directions from it  
the other nests became less and less complete the outermost  
ones being merely loose piles of dry grass & wood shavings.  
Just evidently this was still another case of a skulking  
bird (Faxon calls such "creaky") who could not remember  
from trip to trip where she had left her last load  
of building material since the spaces between the  
rafters were all exactly alike or, at least,  
essentially so. A similar instance came under my  
observation years ago at Haverhill, N. H., & others have been  
reported elsewhere.

A  
"creaky"  
Robin.

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 28

For the past three or four weeks I have  
been living at the farm and have visited Balls  
Hill only during the bright hours of the day.

"The Kicker"  
reappears  
in Great  
Meadow.

Happening to linger there this evening beyond my usual  
time of departure I was not less pleased than  
surprised, on stepping out of the cabin, to hear  
the familiar, if half-forgotten, notes of a "Kicker"  
coming distinctly from the marsh on the opposite  
side of the river. This was about six o'clock. I  
stood listening to <sup>the</sup> call or song for some twenty  
minutes. It <sup>was</sup> ~~continued~~ <sup>continued</sup> at short, regular intervals during  
the whole of this period, and I left the bird still  
singing when I started for the farm. Twice or thrice  
I heard a second bird not far from the first.  
Both gave the normal ki-ki-ki, ki-guee notes.

The evening was calm & warm. Mr. Dexter went down  
to the cabin & out on the river at 9 P.M. and failed to hear the Kicker.

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 24

Clear with cool north wind.

Written  
just for  
"Killer"

Mr. Dexter and his brother came from Concord in a canoe this evening hoping to hear the "Killer". I stayed with them at Ball's Hill up to 9 o'clock. We ranged up and down the river bank, from Ten Cains to Holden's Hill, without hearing anything of interest. The meadows were unusually quiet, probably because the air was rather chilly. Only one Bull Frog trumped & no Rails of any kind called. The Dexters heard them or from Short-billed Marsh Wrens in Great Meadows opposite the head of Ten Hill on the way down & Mrs. Smith O. Dexter (the one who lives in Concord) heard them (he thinks as many as three) from the river opposite Ten Cains on the night of the 22<sup>nd</sup>

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25

Clear and rather cool with light easterly winds Evening on  
the river  
changing to south-west at sunset.

Walter Taxon and Dr. Tyler came up this afternoon in the hope of hearing the Killdeer. After a walk in the woods and supper in the old log cabin we went out on the river in the flat boat at 7.30. The evening seemed favorable for our purpose, although a trifle too cool, but for more than an hour we rowed up and down, going as far as the head of Beaver Dam Bog, without hearing anything more interesting than some or five River Frogs, a number of Green Frogs, a few Timbered Toads, a Marsh Wren (at the bridge) and a Chipping Sparrow. The last named bird was, no doubt, the one that has sung opposite the cabin for the past four or five years. He has there in May but not since then. He heard him to-night on the south side of Great Meadows near Three Oaks Island.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25  
(No. 2)

About 9 o'clock, as we were drifting before the light <sup>more</sup>  
winds down the middle of the broad reach opposite <sup>"Killer"</sup>  
the cabins, a Killdeer began calling on the Ballpoint  
shore near the entrance to our boat canal. We  
paddled over there at once and got very near him,  
within thirty yards, I thought. For a time he  
called only at long and irregular intervals and  
gave only the geer note sometimes doubling it  
the second syllable having a falling inflection  
geer - geer-ah. His voice sounded very loud  
and squeaking at <sup>the</sup> close range. After awhile he  
was answered by another similar bird further  
off towards the middle of Great Meadows until  
at least four and we thought five different  
Killdeers were singing at once, more or less conspicuously.  
Soon gave only the squeaking cry which was frequently

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25  
(No 3)

doublet, sometimes tripled and twice repeated as <sup>notes of</sup> the "Kicker"  
but then five times without pause thus: quee-quee

or quee-quee-quee or quee-quee-quee-quee-quee.

One or two birds uttered what was very nearly

the normal song as I remember it in former

years but with but then the usual number of

kie-kies. Thus it was either kie-kie-quee

or kie-kie-kie-quee. The bird nearest us

used the kie-kie notes only a very few times and

never uttered more than two of them at a time.

Evidently he was not in full song and we

thought that he was calling rather than

singing as, indeed, was apparently the case with

one or two of the others. Neither T. or I

can remember ever hearing the quee used so much

in this way before or that we ever heard it given

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25<sup>th</sup>  
(No 4)

more than ten during any one afternoon of the ~~Observations~~  
day, in the earlier years. Although I have just <sup>on an</sup> "Killer"  
characterized it as a "Squeaking" cry it is  
so cheery and bright in quality as to be almost  
musical especially when heard very near at hand  
as it was reported to be. At a considerable  
distance it was sometimes so faint as to be nearly  
inaudible when the lie-kees came distinctly to  
our ears; whereas the reverse of this occasionally  
happened, i.e. when the lie-kees but very  
imperfectly and the Squeaking much very plainly,  
both notes being evidently given at the same time  
by the same bird. That a bird of some kind  
was the author of these sounds we all felt  
convinced this evening (Dr. Tyler having taken for the  
fact ten). The bird near us apparently moved his

Cowdell, Mass.

1910.

June 25<sup>th</sup>  
(Ms 57)

position a distance of fifteen or twenty yards  
which are now listening to him. He seemed to be  
at first in a bed of fallen weed at the entrance  
to the canal, after which he went back among  
the grass. The entire meadow where these  
thrushes were heard is flooded (and has been  
for the past week or more) to a depth of from  
six to twelve inches, the grass rising above the  
water (and concealing it perfectly), to a height of  
from one to two or three feet.

Observation  
on the  
thrushes

Tyson & Tyler left me at 10 P.M. to return to  
Boston. After walking back across the river I  
landed at our boat pit and was standing there  
talking with Harry, with a big lantern on the  
ground between us casting a brilliant light around  
us when, to my great astonishment, a thrush began



Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25  
(No 6)

singing (ki-ki-ki-grrrr) apparently within  
fifty or sixty yards of us and unmistakably  
on the Ball's Hill side of the river somewhere in  
the fringe of bushes beneath the big maples that  
grow along the edge of water just to the eastward  
of the entrance to the boat pit. I heard him  
a dozen times or more before I left the place  
and Harry tells me he kept it up for an hour  
or more later into the night, never before then  
I heard one with such distinctness as to  
apparently hear at hand. Just outside the  
bushes is a broad belt of pebbles and gravel  
in water now two or three feet deep. I often  
see Garter Snakes along this shore in early  
autumn, sometimes half hidden, half-buried under  
the pebbles and gravel.

A Heron  
heard in  
front of  
the cabin  
on the  
Ball's Hill  
shore

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 25-

(hr 7)

A sound wholly new to all of us was heard many times to night between 9 and 10.0'clock. It seemed to come from an isolated or island bed of pebbled sand on the edge of the river directly across from the Cobble.

It bore some resemblance to the single note of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo repeated eight or ten times but was unlike it in quality having a singular whistling or oshwaah tone. When we were near the place (20 to 30 yards) it seemed rather loud but on listening we found it did not carry to a distance greater than 75 to 100 yards. Beyond 50 yards it was so indistinct as to be unrecognizable. It puzzled us

completely at first but we finally noticed that every time it was uttered several Bull Frogs answered it in quick succession and that the tone was essentially the same as that of the Bull Frog's "croaking". So we decided that it must be merely the uttering of a Bull Frog that had something wrong with his voice. (I learned afterwards, however, on June 30. that Mr. Smith O. Dexter heard it on subsequent evenings at several places along the river between North Hill & the Big Spring. & that once he heard it answered by another similar voice coming from a spot 50 yards or more away. These facts seem to disprove the theory that it is made by a Bull Frog.)

Boncord, Mass.

1910.

June 26

Clear and warm with light westerly winds: - a perfect June day.

Birds of many different kinds continue to be exceptionally numerous at the Farm despite the fact <sup>in the cultivated grounds</sup> that almost every leaf within an hundred yards or more from the house and throughout a large part of the neighboring woods or well, has been coated with a shower of seed for two or three weeks. Indeed as far as I have been able to observe this explanation and very thorough flying, necessary to prevent the myriads of gypsy caterpillars from eating up all the vegetation on the place, has not resulted in the slightest harm to bird life. It may be that a very few birds have perished but if so their places must have been quickly taken by others of the same species for of all those seen here before

1910.

June 26  
(No 2.)

the Springing began and certainly settled for  
the season (There were some winter birds migrants  
passing them) I have not missed one although  
I have kept a close watch on all the noted  
points. These numbers have exceeded anything I  
have ever known here before and their singing  
has been a constant source of delight to me.  
Never before, I think, have I had such a  
force of bird number, in one season, in eastern  
Massachusetts. It still continues almost unbroken  
although a few species like the Chestnut-sided  
Warbler, the Redstart, the Grosbeak and the  
Oriskany are fast losing into comparative silence.  
Now their defection is largely if not quite made  
good by the fact that the Starling, the Robin  
the Catbird, the Song Sparrow & the Field Sparrow



1910.

June 26  
(2d 3/)

With a few others, are now at the height of their annual second period of song. Thus from early evening to late evening, through even the very hottest hours of the day, the air rings and sounds clearly on every hand with bursts of delicious melody.

Abundance of both species are ~~for~~ more common this year than I have ever known them to be before in any part of New England. I hear them every few minutes, everywhere I go, whether in cultivated grounds or woodland. No doubt the abundance of hairy caterpillars (tussock, gypsy & brown torts) accounts for this.

It is a great year for Robins, also. I have never known them more abundant. Yet I hear no chains singing whatever (I have heard none), although they certainly form literally dozens with them.

Colebrook, Mass.

1910.

June 26  
(No 4)

In my journal for the past season I have made occasional reference to our beloved Cat-bird. From the time of his arrival in early May to the present date I have had him under almost constant observation but up to within the past two or three days I have not once heard him in full song and only a very few times have I heard him utter anything more than a low call to his mate. Their first nest was in the Syringa hedge in the garden where they raised their brood without mishap the young leaving the nest several days ago. They have now moved to dense cluster of bushes by the old well in front of the house. Here the male has been singing almost constantly at all hours for the past two days. He is a fine performer and does his best to excite himself in this way.

A Cat-bird  
seen in  
May &  
early  
June  
singing  
in later  
June

Concord, Mass

1916

June 26  
(No 5)

Both Robins were sitting on the nests under the eaves on the front of our house at the same time this morning. I saw one rebuilding its nest about a week ago but if the other has made similar repairs it has they have escaped my notice. When I looked into the nests (by the aid of a small mirror on a pole) yesterday or the day before there were five eggs in one and three in the other. The birds are a good deal disturbed by our comings & goings past the house and in & out the front door but they settle in the nests soon after sunset and do not seem to mind the lights after dark although the chamber windows are very near these nests (within a few feet). As I have previously noted full broods of young were reared in these nests earlier in the season & the old birds are now sitting

on their second clutches. I see only a very few young about the place, none more than 2 or 3 at any one time.

Two Robins  
by second  
clutches on  
nests in  
which they  
reared young  
this season

Lonsdale, Mass.

1910.

June 29

Brilliantly clear with fresh, cool N. W. wind which died away before sunset.

As H. A. Purdie and I were sailing past Bass Island <sup>Still another "Killer"</sup>  
late this afternoon a "Killer" sang a dozen times or more in the meadow grass a little back from the river and about 100 yards to the north of the island (i.e. down river from it). He used the normal song ki-ki-ki, ki-gee. It struck me for the first time, as I was listening to him on this occasion, that the terminal note is very like in general quality that of the closing ree of the Red-winged Blackbird. It was about six o'clock when we heard him and the river and meadows were still flooded in bright sunshine. No Killers were heard opposite Bass this although in spite of the fact that we did not start on our return to the farm until nearly 7 P.M.



Concord, Mass.

1910

June 29  
(No 2)

The number of Cuckles present here this season  
surpasses anything I have ever noted in former  
years. They seem to be increasing as the month goes  
by. I see or hear them everywhere I go - from  
farm to high of each species every day. Apparently  
they are evenly distributed over the whole country,  
in remote woodlands, ruin thickets and farm  
outlands, instead of being confined to a few  
localities only as has nearly always been the  
case hitherto. There can be little doubt, I think,  
that their unusual abundance is due to that of  
the gypsy & brown tail caterpillars although even  
of the latter caterpillars are also exceptionally  
numerous this year. The Yellow-bills seemed to  
be more numerous, especially than the Black-bills  
early in the season but of late it has been the other way.

Unusual  
abundance of  
Cuckles  
of both  
species

Cowdell, Mass.

1910

May-June

My observations on the Bats in the loft over  
the wood shed at the Town this season were as follows:-

Bats in  
~~wood shed~~

May 1. First date of inspection. No Bats in shed.

" 2 Second " " " " " "

" 3 Third " " " " " "

" 4 A single Bat clinging to the eave in the usual  
place. It was a large brown one, however, evidently belonging  
to a species different from the kind we usually have in summer  
in this shed.

May 5. Two Bats of the usual summer kind in the wood place

" 6 Four " " " " " " " " "

" 7-17 No observations

" 18. Sixteen Bats of the usual kind in the wood place

" 19-20 No observations

" 21. Eighteen Bats of the usual kind in the wood place

For a month or more after this the numbers ranged from twelve  
to eighteen. I have no more this year

Cambridge, Mass

1910.

July 4

I returned to Cambridge on July 1. Since then I have noted no less than twelve species of birds in the Garden viz. Robin, Red-eyed vireo, Chipping, Goldfinch, Crow, Blue Jay, Kingbird, Wood Pewee, Oriole, Flicker, Downy & Cherry Snipe. As far as I have been able to learn no Yellow throats, Redstarts, Cat. birds, or Cuckoos and no birds except the Red-eye, have bred in or near our grounds this year. As was the case last year we have had only one pair of breeding Robins and they with two or three of their young are the only representation of their kind that I saw here in our cherry trees, loaded just at present with ripe fruit. This would seem to indicate that there are few Robins in this part of Cambridge now. The only other birds I see in the cherry trees are Orioles (a pair with young), Crows, and House Sparrows - the last named in large numbers

Birds in  
the Garden

Scarcity of  
Robins

Cambridge, Mass

1910  
July 4  
(No 2)

Ever since my return to Cambridge I have seen  
or heard Goldfinches at all hours in the Garden.  
Often there have been four and occasionally as many  
as five, males, joining combat to a single female,  
chattering about her in down the top or following her  
short flights from tree to tree, all singing at once  
and producing a perfect flood of melody. Their rivalry  
seems to be shown only by persistent attempts to  
outrun one another for there is no fighting or  
even threatening. Sometimes when all are on wing  
together they wheel about one and through the  
trees in a cluster so compact that a basket basket  
would enclose the whole of them and when they  
alight the males crowd so closely about the female  
that it is difficult to see her. This behavior reminds

me of the  
Goldfinches  
singing a  
long note

me of that of House Sparrows in spring. I do not remember  
ever seeing Goldfinches undertake in a fight.



Cambridge, Mass

1910.  
July 4  
(No 3)

Cambridge seems to me extent hundreds  
unknown with ravens mosquitoes. When I  
go into the Garden they rise in clouds from the  
bushes bordering its walks. They are literally  
as "bad" here as I have ever found them in  
the Maine woods and worse than they ever  
are at Concord. My neighbor Mrs. Harris tells me  
that the people living along Bay State Road in  
Boston are complaining bitterly about them there.  
He suggests that their unprecedented abundance  
may be due to the fact that Charles River is  
now a body of fresh water as far down as the dam  
at Craig's Bridge. I saw Dragon Flies hovering over  
it opposite the foot of Sparks Street for the  
first time on July 2nd of this year.

A plague  
of mosquitoes  
in  
Cambridge

1910.

July 8.

The five male Goldfinches continue their pursuit of the single ♀, day after day, from morning to night, in the garden and through the jungle, singing rapturously and almost without pause. The female seemed timid and nervous to-day. When she settled on a perch in some leafy tree the males scattered about in neighboring trees, leaving her unmolested for a time but singing ceaselessly. Whenever she took flight they followed her closely, like so many golden stars in the tail of a comet. As they were chasing her this noon in a blazing sun she sought refuge in the trumpet vine growing over the old Porter apple stump by the pond. She entered it near the top and worked downward through the middle. The five males alighted all over it and fluttered down over and through the outer leaves, suggesting a shower of golden fruit as their bright yellow forms shone in the sunlight and glanced among the foliage. All the while they sang like mad - everyone of them. What does it mean? this incessant, never ending courtship, on the part of so many rival males.

Barnard, Mass.

1910.  
July 10

Clear & intensely hot with fresh west wind.

I came to Concord yesterday afternoon and spent most of the day going over our place to ascertain what the gypsy cattle fellows were doing. A very small proportion were in the pupa state and a still smaller number had become moths and were beginning to walk and lay. but fully 90% were still crawling about or spinning the fine threads of their webs. They had nearly all ceased feeding much partly because there is little left to eat for except about the ash in a few other places they had stripped most of the oaks and birches with many of the other trees. Indeed in most directions, as far as the eye could reach, the country presented a scene of ruin and desolation with here and there a pine or maple or cluster of them. Showing

1910

July 10  
(hs 2)

green in contrast with the generally brownish gray coloring of the nearly leafless woods. On my own land the woods on the Blackmore ridge, on the shore of North Hill except close about the cabins and at the edge of the river, on Davis Hill, on the slope behind Burdick's, and the rear of North Island and along the road that leads from the school house to Burdick's, were practically and indeed almost completely naked - even more so than in winter for very many of the ~~pine~~ foliage had not escaped. The fine old ~~white~~<sup>pine</sup> on Davis Hill have been ~~very~~ seriously injured, I fear, although only a few of them have been completely stripped & even these may recover as <sup>has</sup> been the case with a number which were denuded at the same time last year. The swamps have suffered very



1910

June 10  
(Sat 3)

little or not at all for the last samples which  
from the chief growth in them seem to be probably  
immune from rust-rot even when growing on  
high land. The pines <sup>also</sup> ~~seem to~~ escape when they  
stand near  
~~grown~~ together in large bodies but whenever they  
occur singly, among oaks or birches, they suffer  
almost as badly as their deciduous trees. The  
oaks suffer more of all and of the oaks the  
white oak is the tree first attacked and  
most severely injured. Many of my finest  
white oaks are already dead and many others  
are obviously doomed to speedy destruction  
if the brown tails attack them again this autumn.  
The large, old trees go first of course but even  
the younger ones perish in numbers in certain  
places. In others they bear their trials very well.

1910

June 10  
(p. 4)

I found to day that several which I had thought dead were beginning to grow again. In some parts of the woods the tender green & brown tints of the numerous unfolding leaves suggested early spring.

If <sup>the trees</sup> they recover extensively the worst may now be over for I found that the gypsy caterpillars were dead or dying by billions, of the "wilt" or "death shivers".

In some of the worst devastated woods I failed to discover, after long & careful search, a single living and obviously healthy caterpillar and in most places that I visited the mortality exceeded 75% and often reached 85% to 95%.

The only ~~place~~ <sup>woods</sup> where healthy caterpillars were at all numerous were in ~~these~~ <sup>those</sup> ~~places~~ which have not yet been <sup>excessively</sup> much infested and in ~~places~~ <sup>those</sup> where I ~~spotted~~ <sup>found</sup> ~~everything~~ <sup>nothing</sup> last summer. In the former

1910

July 10  
(no 5)

~~from~~ I visited Holden's Hill, which is rather badly eaten this season for the first time yet weather completely stopped. There I found only from 25% to 50% of the complications cleared. They were mostly free from disease on those parts of Ross's Hill where the spraying had been apparently thorough and effective to some extent of the foliage. Apparently it had killed just enough of them to keep the survivors in prime condition for propagating this kind this month and making me some trouble next year. Thus it would seem that Prof. Riley was fully justified in what he said to me in 1894 to the effect that the best way to fight gypsy moths is to let them alone. I have felt all along that it might be so but when, this year,

1910

July 10  
1<sup>st</sup> 6/

I saw everything in my charred woods going  
to apparent final ruin. I could no longer stay  
my hands. How would it have been actually  
wiser to do so for I had to leave the forest  
in at least a few ~~of my~~ favorite spots  
else there would have been no shade nor  
any attractiveness left for present enjoyment,  
however small the trees were left except autumn.  
The truth of this consideration was born in  
one one day when, after leaving the cabins,  
where the oaks & pines looked as green and  
vigorous as in days of yore, I walked &  
walked through woods where the sun beat  
down on me as mercilessly as if I had been  
crossing open fields. Even in such devastated woods  
there were briars & other birds singing & flying about.



1910  
Jan 10  
(427)

The "will" began to show itself this year in June, at least their works earlier than was noticed in last year, ~~and~~ when I left Concord at the end of the month it had done very great and general service. Since then it has wrought fearful and almost universal havoc, our west of my land. <sup>the cost of</sup> One <sup>hundred</sup> <sup>thousand</sup> <sup>dollars</sup> this and in the woods east of the Putnam place I found the "wilted" caterpillars ~~to-day~~ hanging in solid masses as broad as my two hands on the limbs of some of the oaks. If but lightly touched they would break open sending down a trickling stream of chocolate-colored liquid having a peculiarly offensive odor. In this and other places there ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> be not enough left to do the least harm another year.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17

I went over one entire place to-day, studying Gypsy Moth conditions. Some of the larvae are still feeding and many are yet in the pupa cases but the majority have hatched and mated and the females are laying or have just laid, their eggs. The males were to be seen everywhere but not numerously except where there were females. When the latter were abundant the males were in thousands, literally filling the air and tiring one's eyes and senses by their ceaseless flicking flight. They seemed to greatly outnumber the females.

The general results of my observations may be summarized as follows:-

Balls Hill:- Multitudes of "wilted" caterpillars but not many healthy ones and comparatively few moths of either sex. I doubt if the trees will be stripped again next year even if nothing be done to protect them. The oaks have suffered badly and the pines considerably, this season, especially along the crest of the ridge and on its northern slope.

Gypsy Moth  
Conditions

Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17  
[No 2/]

Blackman Ridge. - The "wilt" ragged here, also; nevertheless

Lepidoptera  
Conditions

I found plenty of female moths laying their eggs on the trunks  
of the oaks and multitudes of males hovering about them.

These woods will surely be defoliated unless you make  
vigorous measures are taken to protect them.

Holden's Hill. - High colony of laying females, hard to  
deal with because the trees are so tall and slender. The  
"wilt" has evidently done little good here.

Davis Hill. - Conditions desperate. Immense & thriving colony  
of apparently healthy insects. Upper branches of the giant pines  
white beneath with clusters of laying female moths and the  
males hovering everywhere. The pines evidently much  
injured many of them being half stripped and some almost  
totally bare and apparently dying. Most of the oaks completely  
stripped and some of them already dead. As far as I  
can see all the trees on this hill are doomed to perish unless you  
understand protected as forest preserves.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17  
(no 3)

Prescott's Pine. Badly infested in spots but safe, I think, <sup>by long</sup> most  
Concordians  
for another year especially if the few deciduous trees be removed.

Birch Island Woods. - Almost completely defoliated yet  
largely free from moths or living larvae. Laying females  
were numerous in a few places, however. It looks as if  
the woods might recover another year although many trees are dead.

Birch Field. - Very few male moths flying and almost  
no laying females seen except along the north edge of the  
lot, next Lawrence's, where the line of tall trees is badly  
infested and along the south edge next the barn where there  
is lighter, yet rather serious, infestation.

Pulpit Rock Woods. Nearly clean except for a few white  
oaks just to the westward of the rock and others on the ledgy  
slope towards the cow pasture which are rather badly  
infested and also injured by repeated stripping which has  
caused many or loss of the upper branches to die.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17  
(No 4)

Woods east of Tietze place on road to Burrows. - then

Lydia Mott  
Concord

I found the infestation general but light save in a few places. It is evident that the "evil" has been most actively at work in these woods and has done splendid service for last year. The conditions were as good as could be.

Barrett Run. Infestation bad in spots but on the whole less so than last year.

Outskirts of the Farm. The large oaks forming the row along the road below the peach orchard and those in the cluster just behind the barn were white with laying needles. The birches on the slope towards the end of pasture appeared to be nearly free from moths or larvae. The berry pasture was badly infested along the wall which crosses it from east to west but not elsewhere.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
July 18

I noticed, this morning, that quantities of fresh earth had been thrown out from between the stone flags in the wall in front of the Museum in our garden and wondered what could have done it. The mystery was quickly explained for early in the afternoon I saw a Flicker busily engaged at the wall. Hopping slowly along sideways on the flags he made a dozen or more holes, while I was watching him, in the earth between them. It was packed hard on the top and he had to peck vigorously at first to make any impression on it. The cracks were narrow (not more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide) in places and more than once he raised his arm and struck his bill forcibly against the edge of a stone, making an audible sound. After making these holes he visited and revisited them and others which he had made previously, spending some time at each of them and

A Flicker  
makes  
earth holes  
for ants

Cambridge, Mass

1910.

July 18  
(no 2)

extracted from some of them a quantity of food  
which I could see him swallow although I could not  
make out first what it was. But after he had  
gone I examined the holes, which averaged an inch  
or more in depth, finding that most of them  
contained living ants that had fallen in and were  
unable to climb up the crumbling sides. Evidently  
the bird dug the holes not so much to get at the  
ants (I did not see him get any of them immediately  
and he invariably moved on and began a fresh hole  
just after completing one) as to enter them. They  
were continually running about over the surface of the  
flaps in numbers but he paid no attention whatever  
to them thus exposed. When he revisited the holes  
he did not over them one more ant but simply  
thrust his bill down slowly into them swallowing visibly  
as he removed it.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910  
July 19

A Flicker on our lawn this morning attracted my attention by remaining perfectly immovable for many minutes. At length I walked towards him. As I approached he gave no sign that he was aware of my presence. Even when I got within a yard of him he continued to maintain his statuesque pose. His breathing sound normal and his eyes looked bright and alert but his gaze was directed towards some distant object, I know not what, and he completely ignored me. Although I could detect no evidence of any external injury I felt sure that he must be either seriously hurt or very ill until I advanced my foot when it was within six inches of him he started, as if awaking from a trance, and flew up into one of the lindens. After this he behaved like a perfectly sane and vigorous Flicker. I am at a loss to explain his behavior on the lawn. He seemed to indulge in a very prolonged day dream.

Strange  
behavior  
of a  
Flicker



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
July 22

On entering the Botanic Garden this afternoon <sup>Red-wing</sup> <sup>Blackbirds</sup> <sup>breeding?</sup> <sup>in the</sup> <sup>Botanic</sup> <sup>Garden.</sup>  
I was not less surprised than interested to find, near the lily pond, a family of Red-winged Blackbirds consisting of an adult ♂ and ♀ and at least two, if not three, bob-tailed young which seemed unable to fly more than a few rods at a time although they kept well up in the trees. One of the gardeners told me that he had seen the old birds about the pond for three or more weeks. My attention was first drawn to them by the anxious calling of the male who was evidently disturbed by the mere presence of a Crow. After the Crow had flown among the Red-wing betook himself to the top of a lilac bush where he sang a dozen times or more. Soon after this I started the female and young from some bushes on the farther side of the pond. In it are growing two large clusters of cat-tail flaps quite extensive and dense enough to conceal a Red-wing's nest. That the young I saw were hatched & reared here I consider proven upon the reasonable doubt.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910  
Aug. 15

I came to Cambridge on the afternoon of the 13<sup>th</sup> to spend Sunday with John E. Hager. He met me at the station and drove me to his home. As we were ascending the hill just below is a dozen or more King birds, disturbed by our approach, rose from some shrubbery by the roadside. When I expressed some surprise at the presence of so many in such a place Mr. Hager added to it greatly by assuring me that they had been there constantly for days past and that the attraction was the berries of a number of Viburnum dentatum bushes which he had reportedly noticed them eating. Before he told me this I had noticed that they flew from these bushes only. We found them there in undisturbed numbers

King birds  
eating fruit  
Viburnum  
dentatum

on the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> but all flew up before we got very near & I did not see any feeding there. This morning, however, I distinctly saw one pick a berry from the stem and after holding it in the tip of the bill for an instant swallow it. The bushes are fairly loaded with ripe fruit of the usual dull blue color & very bitter to human taste.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 20

Early morning cloudy, misty, chilly & calm. Remainder of day clear and warm with light west wind & north-easterly, blown with violent wind and moderate rain last night.

I have been living on the corner on Ball's Hill and out of doors practically every hour of daylight since September 1<sup>st</sup>. Up to to-day birds of all kinds have been exceedingly scarce. Most of the summer residents had apparently departed for the South before the beginning of the month and migrants from further north have appeared only in the heaviest numbers and at infrequent intervals. It is apt to be thus when, as has been the case this year, the first half of September is warm and dry with little or no cloudy weather. But this season has perhaps been more nearly "birdless" than any that I remember for a long time.

Despite the heavy north-easter during the first half of last night - or perhaps rather because of it - the first large bird wave of the season arrived sometime before

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept 20

(No 2)

day break and the woods on Ball's Hill and those across the river were hovering with Woodpeckers at sunrise and all through the day. Practically all the Woodpeckers I was able to identify were Black-polls. Indeed I saw no others except 2 Hairy-Antwrens, one an adult ♂ in full plumage.

About 7 a.m., as I was standing by the river in the meadow on the east end of Ball's Hill, the singing, foliate flight call of a Golden Plover came distinctly to my ears half-a-dozen times or more. The bird was evidently flying southward to the east of the hill but I strained my eyes in vain in the attempt to catch sight of it. Shortly thereafter the voice died away in the distance when I heard and at once recognized the greet, greet of a Sandpiper. The next instant two birds of this species flying in company low (about 10 ft.) over the water passed in within 100 yards and disappeared around the bend opposite



Concord, Mass.

1910.  
Sept 20  
(has)

Reads Great Horned. I had an excellent view of them through my glass making out their characteristic color & markings (especially the generally white color & the narrow white bars on the wings) to my entire satisfaction. This is the first time I have ever met with the Sandling on Concord River.

About 3 P. M. I saw a Fish Hawk flying S. W. at a considerable height, evidently on migration. And in the evening watched a Great Horned pass over the river, hauling heavily.

Several days ago I put up a pole in the marsh by our boat cove for a bird perch. There was a Kingbird on it on the 18<sup>th</sup> & a Kingfisher to-day. The Kingfisher sat there for many minutes intently scanning the ditch below.

At length he plunged into it with folded wings unspurred with a pedicel only 3 or 4 inches long. & swimming his tail in triumph as he rose from the water.

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 21

Clear and warm with light W. wind. Heavy rain just before daybreak lasting half an hour or more.

Small woodland birds of every kind were scarce again to-day.

Evidently the great flight of Black-bellied Noddies which came yesterday passed on further to the southwest last night for I saw only two or three of them to-day.

The sunset here was calm, mild & very beautiful & unexpected. Being on  
the river

I passed it as the river in my canoe. At Port Island I saw 2 Rusty Blackbirds go to roost in some bottom bushes and heard 2 Swamp Sparrows chirping. At the big bog, where I spent half an hour or more watching & listening I heard at least four more Swamp Sparrows, a Song-bird House Wren and a Night Heron. Then, with a young Song Sparrow, were literally all the birds I noted along this stretch of river which flows this.

One of the Swamp Sparrows passed over within the

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 21

(No 2)

Beautiful song, repeating it six or eight times at short intervals. It consisted of the ordinary trill preceded, as well as followed by a number of additional notes some of which were especially liquid and tender. This song, which the Swamp Sparrow gives not infrequently in late summer and early autumn, is not unlike the flight song used in May and June and it may be considered the same although as I listened to it attentively this evening I thought it appreciably different and decidedly superior to anything one ever hears from the bird in spring. As far as I could make out the particular bird to which I have just referred was perched among the reeds every time he sang.

Autumn

Song of

Swamp

Sparrow

The Marsh Wren was in a bad of flags at the edge of the bog. For sometime he remained concealed among a low cac which I mistook at first for those of a Red-wing. At length he showed himself within a few yards of me and I had him in plain sight for several minutes during which, to my surprise, he did not even cock up his tail - a very unusual omission.

Marsh

Wren

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 23

A brilliantly clear and delightfully warm day following a sharp, frosty morning.

About 7 A.M. a Black-belt Woodpecker sang thrice in the apple near the cotton. It must have been an adult bird for its song was nearly as strong and given as prolonged as that which we ordinarily hear in spring.

~~Black-belt~~  
~~Woodpecker~~  
in nearly  
full song

Just before sunset this evening I heard Blue Jays making a lot of noise in a woods of young red maples on the edge of the Swamp behind the house. On going to the place I found a dozen or more of them flitting about in the tops of these trees apparently looking about for the night. I watched them for sometime & finally left them there. They made all sorts of low conversational chirping & chuckling sounds but did very little screaming. This is the only occasion I remember when I have seen Blue Jays thus congregating to roost.

A Jay  
roost?



Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 24

Cloudy & cool with fresh N. E. wind which brought rain this evening (about 8 P. M.).

About seven o'clock this morning I saw two Blue jays passing over Ball's Hill very high in air (and about 600 feet).

Blue jays  
migrating  
at 7 a.m.

Heading due South they kept steadily on until they were lost to my sight in the distance. That they were migrating at the time I feel quite certain.

Ringed Pheasants have begun crowing again after an interval of two months or more of complete silence.

Pheasants  
begin  
crowing  
again.

I heard one over yesterday morning early, in the meadow to the eastward of Ball's Hill. In the same place where was, probably the same bird, crowed down, if not across, of times this morning between seven and ten o'clock. Several times he either gave a double cross or else another bird crowed just after him. This second cross followed the first so closely that there was little or no pause between the two. This I have never heard before.

Pheasant  
cross double

Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 25

A fairly heavy north-east rain storm began soon after dark last evening and continued well through the night but to-day was clear and uncomfortably warm & luscious with light southerly winds.

Birds of most kinds were seen yesterday but the whole region lying between Ball's Hill and the Town was alive with Black-birds to-day. They were so noisy and generally disturbed that I had them almost constantly in sight whenever I went. In all I must have seen fully 100 of them. Thus for the second time this month an exceptionally heavy flight of these Robins has appeared here on a morning following a night of north-east wind and heavy rain. I saw also (at the Town) eight White-throated Sparrows, noted to-day for the first time this autumn. Many of the Robins left almost as soon as it was dark this evening. At last I heard them chirping at frequent intervals high in air over the town about 7 P.M.

Heavy flight  
of Robins  
during  
stormy night.

Robins, White  
sparrows

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 26

A summer-like day, uncomfortably warm and humid with light southerly to easterly winds. Partly sunny, partly cloudy.

Between dinner and eight or nine o'clock this morning a number of birds were singing with a freedom and frequency not in deed at this season. Among the number were Black-bell and Pine Warblers, Solitary Vireo, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows, Phoebe, Flicker and Meadow Lark. For upwards of half-an-hour (7-7:30) I heard Black-bells in full song, at frequent intervals, in various directions. Evidently at least two or three distinct males were taking part in this concert which, as far as I could ~~discern~~ and, was very like what we hear from them during their spring migration. One bird, in an oak near the cabin, sang once or twice a minute, for at least ten minutes, and his song at least was of normal strength and quality. The Phoebe, also, sang quite as well as in spring and so did the Pine Warbler and the Song Sparrows. The Flicker's (though given them times) was as loud and free as it ever is in March or April.

Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 26  
(No 2.)

Whenever during this month the evenings have been still  
and warm I have rarely failed to hear, between eight and ten  
o'clock, some creature making a great splashing in the river  
directly in front of the cabin. The sound is fully equal to  
that which a large dog would make by leaping well out from  
shore into deep water. Usually there is but a single splash  
at a time followed, after an interval of half a minute or  
more by another with still others at equally long intervals. From  
this I have inferred that the beast is engaged in diving and  
that it must leap well out of water just before taking the  
downward plunge. I heard it to excellent advantage only a  
few minutes before I began writing these lines. If I go out of  
the cabin the sound invariably ceases & seldom is renewed  
again that night. This leads me to conclude that the creature  
is rather shy or timid, I think it must be an Otter.

Am Otter?  
in the  
river at  
Bowcord Mass

Certainly it is something aquatic and very much larger, & heavier, and  
more active, than a muskrat.



Loned, Mass.

1910.

Sept 27

Cloudy & rather warm with light easterly winds and a downpour of rain for an hour or two in the middle of the day.

The ponds everywhere about Balls Hill were liberally flowing again with Black-falls to-day. Mr. Dexter of Concord says the village has been alive with them of late. I noted no other brooks to-day except the Yellow-rump of which I heard one or two near the cabin this morning.

Black-falls  
This stream

Yellow-rump  
creek.

About noon I found a Sapsucker in the cluster of tupelo trees ~~near~~ over boat landing and saw it eat what I took to be one of the tupelo berries on which several Robins, also, were feeding.

Sapsucker  
eating berries  
of  
tupelo.

As Mr. Dexter & Gilbert were rowing across the river about eleven o'clock they saw what they both took to be four Fish Hawks soaring in company at a great height making their whistling cries. Gilbert tells me they certainly were not Red-shouldered Hawks & that their notes sounded to him like those of the Fish Hawk. About an hour after this I saw a single Fish Hawk flying low over the river just the cabin towards the west & still later another pursuing the same course.

4 Fish Hawks  
(?)  
soaring in  
company

Lancaster, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 29

Clear and cool with light easterly winds. Early morning calm and brilliantly clear with warm sunlight.

As I went on my way from the landing across the river to the West Bedford station about eight o'clock this morning I heard at least a dozen Song Sparrows singing at short, regular intervals. All seemed to be old birds, yet their voices were subdued and pitched low although their notes were clear and sweet. One followed another so closely that there was almost a continuous volume of melodious sound seeming to come from every direction, far and near, over the green, budding fields that border the railway line. It was much like the singing we hear in late March and early April when the Song Sparrows first arrive in force, leaving the downy tender, delicate quality with a touch of plaintiveness and very unlike the full, strong singing of late spring & early summer. I do not remember ever hearing anything like it before in autumn. A Phoebe was in full song near the cabin & a Pheasant coming into view for a moment in the morning.

Several &  
dozens  
singing of  
many  
Song Sparrows  
in early  
morning.

Covered, Nov.

1910.  
Sept 30

Brilliantly clear with light westerly winds.

We had an interesting experience with a Skunk in Bois Hill not long after dark this evening. He was a young one about two-thirds grown and was first noticed by Harry who saw him only dimly as he crossed the path in front of the cabin. After supplying ourselves with a portable lantern and two candle lamps we followed him with a stick of button bushes at the edge of the river. Here he kept slowly back and forth, showing little fear of us and never over threatening us in any way although we repeatedly stood within a yard of him holding up the lantern directly over him as he glided smoothly and noiselessly over the ground moving at a swift pace with body & tail flattened close to the earth. At length we forced him out of the thicket with a bed of pointed wood. Crossing this & coming to the very edge of the river he entered it and swam several yards just outside the pointed wood, his white tail trailing out behind and showing only continuously on the dark water. When he landed he went back into the bushes where we finally left him.

Experience  
with a young  
Skunk.

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
Oct 1

Partly cloudy, partly sunny, very warm with S. W. wind which blew a lively gale most of the day.

About 7 a.m. before the wind rose I was strolling through the  
opening behind Morris Hill when I heard a sharp, metallic, fish-like  
note, not unlike that used occasionally by *Dendroica maculosa* but  
much louder and stronger. This I recognized at once as the characteristic  
alarm note of the Connecticut Warbler. Connecticut  
Warbler on  
Bobb's Hill  
Gradually increasing in  
emphasis and frequency of utterance it was repeated dozens of times  
at short intervals. Presently I saw the bird flitting about in a  
cluster of young Black Spruces on the western slope of the hill only a  
little below the crest. When I got within 25 yards or so it flew to  
another cluster of Spruces. For several minutes more it continued chirping  
and acted as if it were much excited although I could see nothing  
to alarm it. Eventually I was near the distant cause for I was 100 yds off,  
at the base of the hill, when I first heard it. The Angler is quite common  
and began warbling about over the ground walking with a dapper,  
gliding motion much like that of our Oven Bird. I now got within  
ten yards & had an excellent view of it. It was either a ♀ or a juv. ♂,  
having a plain buffy throat. Its call note was invariably the same  
and closely similar to that of the Hermit Warbler. I know no other  
warblers which make such a loud note, as I have heard, *D. maculosa*



Boncord, Mass.

1910.  
Oct. 11

Cloudless and warm with fresh S. W. wind. A delightful day.

As Purdie & I were strolling through the orchard at Boncord early this afternoon a Sapsucker started from an apple tree over our heads & flew into a large oak. Presently it returned and resumed a task which we had evidently interrupted viz. that of completing a ring of holes in the bark of the apple tree. Standing within 15 feet of it I saw it drill two fresh holes. First it did very quietly first striking its bill forcibly through the bark in an oblique position two or three times and then dragging out shreds of the cambium layer until the hole looked deep & round. I could not see where it ate any of the bark or lifted any of the sap if, indeed, any flowed of which I saw no sign. As soon as the first hole was completed it began the second. There were eight or ten holes at least, all fresh looking, evenly spaced and extending in a circle around the main stem of the tree where it was perhaps 12 inches in diameter yet still enclosed in rather smooth bark. The holes seemed to be

Covered, Mass.

1910  
Oct. 11  
(No 2)

exactly like those which our friends in almost any oldish  
apple tree in our Massachusetts orchards and which are popularly  
supposed to be made by the Downy Woodpecker. This Sapsucker  
was a young female showing us traces of red on either crown or  
throat. She was silent and very tame. This is the first  
time I have ever seen a Sapsucker on any other woodpecker-  
like a hole in the bark of a living apple tree.

Early this morning Powder & I saw a Green  
Marsh Hawk soaring over Great Meadows about 40 feet above  
the ground. It passed directly through a large flock  
of Titmice which were flying at the same level without  
paying any attention to them or causing them the least  
perceptible alarm. Yet several of them seemed to pass (or  
be passed) within a distance of only ten or four feet.  
The Hawk was evidently not looking for prey at the time and  
the Titmice did not seem to regard it as a source of any  
possible danger.

Marsh Hawk  
passes  
directly  
through a  
flock of  
Titmice

Concord, Mass.

1910  
Oct. 29

Clear & cool with strong N.W. wind. Country white with  
hoar frost & surface of ground frozen, at times.

About 9 a.m. a flock of Bronzed Gracks, containing, or  
nearly as I could count them, approximately 40 birds, passed just  
above the tops of the tall elms in front of the barn and thence  
due south as far as my eye could follow them. About fifteen  
minutes later a second flock containing some 30 birds followed the  
first at the same elevation, over the same trees, & in exactly the  
same direction. There was no regular or general calling but only an  
occasional low, throaty cuck under the usual flight call & softer.  
Both flocks had nearly the same formation, moving in a broad, widely  
expanded front and very slowly. Indeed the speed was nearly  
if not quite double that usually maintained by Grackles during their  
breeding season. Moreover the birds flew on a perfectly level plane  
with constant wing beats, not rising & falling in undulations,

Bronzed  
Grackles  
migrating

with intermittent wing strokes as is their ordinary custom. I have  
no doubt that they were engaged in a hurried migrating flight.

Dorset, Mass.

1910

Dec 31

Brilliantly clear with light easterly winds. Early morning cold (20°)

We had a most interesting afternoon to day with a Saw-whet. Saw-whet  
Owl.

H. W. Henshaw discovered it about 11 A.M. perched in a dead willow  
apple tree in the Bowers Run within thirty yards of the road.

His attention was called to it by Louis Chickadees and juncos  
that were feeding close about it. They showed little or no excitement

and seemed to be merely curious about it, as was a Blue Jay  
who approached it within a yard, apparently merely to have a good

look at it. When H. took me to the place some fifteen minutes  
later all these birds had departed and the Owl was left in place.

He was sitting in full sunshine in a rather open part of the  
wooded swamp about 4 feet above the ground. He seemed rather

alert and quite wide awake, keeping his eyes open most of the

time and frequently moving his head, occasionally directing his  
gaze towards the ground as if watching for prey. We took

Pardon then at 11.30. The Owl was then still on the same perch.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

Oct 31      but his eyes were tightly closed and he seemed to be taking a nap.  
(No 2)

Our next visit was made about 2.30 P.M. When we found that the Saw-whet had changed his position a little having moved a foot or more higher up on the branch. He was now as wide awake as any diurnal bird of prey and evidently was watching the ground beneath in the hope of discovering some mouse or beetle there. A few minutes later he suddenly spread his wings and descended smoothly and silently to a spot about 15 ft. off where he rose almost immediately, evidently without any delay, and returned to his former perch. A moment later he swooped again, this time to a spot a few yards further off where he was lost to sight among some witherfulms. Nearly a full minute passed before he reappeared when he flew off through the shrub into a thicket of young pines. Whether or no he captured anything we could not see. We did not follow him but at once returned to the former house.

Canaan, Mass.

1910.

(Oct 31)

(No 3)

At 3 P.M. we went again to the "beehive", accompanied by  
Mr. S. O. Dexter of Canaan whom I had notified by telephone  
of the discovery of the Owl. We all felt doubtful about finding  
him again but when we came in sight of two other trees  
there he was back on his old perch and once more enjoying  
a dose in the warm afternoon sunlight. Walking slowly in  
single file we approached within 12 or 15 feet without being to alarm  
him. It was the chance of a lifetime for a perfect photograph  
but no camera was available. He was now looking at us  
fixedly with wide open eyes but apparently with more of curiosity  
than fear. Presently I left my friends and circling around through  
the swamp walked quietly up to the Owl from behind. Slowly  
stretching up my arm until my fingers were within three inches  
of the bird I made a quick clutch at him. It was scarcely  
needed but without question would have resulted in his capture  
had he not opened his broad wings just as my fingers were

1910

(Oct. 31

(no 4)

about to close around his perch little far. By this action he suddenly presented from behind his broad and flat a surface that I could not grasp him although my hand struck him squarely and hard. He flew about 30 yards into some red cedars where we found him again shortly afterwards, perched in one of these trees about 5 feet above the ground. This time he started before I could get my hand nearer than five or six feet and after flying some twenty yards alighted only about 3 feet above the ground in a bushy young white pine. Here Henderson had a try at him getting his hand within three feet of the bird before he flew. After a rather long search he was discarded 100 yards further on perched in a pine tree just above a low stone wall. Henderson again essayed to catch him but he was too short and when he was using was too late to get above at once and could not again be found. His flight on all these occasions

1910.

Oct. 31

(No 5)

was noisier and clumsier, as less lively and effective as that of a big north, running away, also, of that of a Whippoorwill flushed by day in dense cover for the bird skinned lay on the ground and ready for more than a few yards without making a cotton abrupt turn. I was surprised at his choosing to invariably prostrate his thin legs about the ground and also by the fact that he did not once assume the stiff, erect pose, with feathers down in tightly and eyes redward to breast like, to which the Saw-whet and many other Owls is so given. The attitude taken by this bird was, indeed, all easy and natural (in the sense of being like those of ordinary birds). Frequently his back was nearly horizontal, and he never once set perfectly erect while his form was plump & rounded. His eyes were very beautiful and beautiful and even gentle being in their expression. His plumage seemed to us grayer than that of most of his



1910.

Dec 31

(116)

kind...and he looked especially gray about the head.

Save what

else.

When on the water for prey he assumed an attitude very like that of a Bute regarding fiercely a bit of mackerel beneath a big oar with his head lowered and gaze directed downward.

As twilight was falling this evening Pardon & I went to the "run" and missed the wind dark hoping to hear the Snow-birds caw. But the woods were silent as the grave although the air was perfectly still and comparatively mild.

I have just stated that this Owl's eyes had a gentle and confident expression. As we were watching him in the pine, standing within two yards of him, I remarked to my companions "He looks like a gentle little pet bird, escaped from its cage & not actually unwilling to return to it." To this all the others agreed.

Concord, Mass.

1910

Nov. 2

Cloudy & mild with light southerly winds.

During the first three weeks of October there was a  
good many Pine Grackles about. I heard them almost every  
morning and saw several small flocks feeding on birds seeds  
near Ball's Hill. Elsewhere on any place there are few or no  
young Grackles which have any fruit this year and the Pine Grackles  
soon stripped the trees at Ball's Hill. I am inclined to  
think that they have all left this region as I have not  
seen or heard any since October 27. Late in that month  
I noticed a few Lesser Redpolls & Dexter saw one good-  
sized flock. These birds with the Goldfinches are likely  
to go hungry if they remain here this winter, because  
of the scarcity of bird cones. I saw two or a dozen  
Goldfinches in one orchard to-day feeding on the ground in  
a patch of weeds with figs or more junco. They Sparrows  
have been rather numerous of late.

Pine  
Grackles

1/2 H. B. Bailey tells me that a number of  
Pine Grackles alighted on the stems on which  
he came to pick from Hawthorn (the  
high end of Orchard) when the tree was full of  
Cedar.

Coweset, Mass.

1910.

Nov. 3

Cloudy with strong, intensely chilly north-east wind.  
Rain, which began early last night, continued falling steadily through the forenoon.

About three o'clock this afternoon my attention was attracted by one of the men (Pat Flannery) to a great <sup>unprecedented</sup> flight of <sup>flocks of</sup> Herring Gulls soaring in circles, in a loose <sup>Herring</sup> <sup>Gulls.</sup> scattered flock at an immense height (fully half-a-mile I thought) directly over the farm house. Several counted 62 and I 63. Rising higher & higher as we watched them they drifted off towards the south west until we could see them no longer. The sight of so many, behaving in such a manner, is common enough near Boston or Cambridge at this season but wholly without precedent in my experience here. I am inclined to think that they may have been seeking for the great reservoir at Clinton 18 or 20 miles distant & nearly in the direction they were taking.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910

Nov. 21

Clear and cool with light westerly winds. Ther. fell to 25° Fahr. last night.

Orange-  
crowned  
Norio in  
the Garden

Yesterday forenoon I saw in our Garden what I took to be an Orange-crowned Warbler getting, however, only a brief glimpse at it from the windows of the Museum as it was flitting about in the Suckle pear tree. That was doubtless the same bird appeared again to-day (about 2.30 P.M.) in the pear tree just as I came out of the house on my way to the Museum. I followed it about for ten or fifteen minutes. Although restless and also apparently rather shy I had it repeatedly in the field of my opera glass in deeper trees and close sunlight at distances of twenty to twenty five yards, making absolutely sure of my identification that it was H. celata and a typical specimen, very dark in general coloring and almost as greenish and far from yellow on the under



Cambridge, Mass.

1910

Nov. 21

(No 2.)

as on the upper parts. On leaving the pear tree it  
flew first into a tangle of frost-brightened stalks of asters,  
golden rod etc. in the flower garden, thence to the very  
topmost branches of one big white willow, next into a  
cherry tree on the middle walk, and finally into the  
Pockmonia opposite the house where it disappeared somewhat  
mysteriously, giving me no further view of it. It  
remained longest (perhaps then or four minutes) in the  
willow where, in company with two Chickadees, it  
hopped and flitted actively about among the terminal  
twigs once hanging for an instant back downward beneath  
what looked like the webbed end of a brown tail with  
which it tugged at vigorously with its bill & I think, opened.  
During all the time I had it under observation it  
was constantly in motion. I heard it utter no  
sound of any kind. Later - After the above notes were

Orange Crown  
Warbler

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Nov. 21  
(no 3)

written and about sunset I heard the sharp chirp of the  
Orange-crowned Warbler repeated several times and looking out through  
my study window saw the bird within ten feet of it in a Japanese  
barberry bush. Here he remained for several minutes in company  
with a female Ruby-crowned Kinglet. The two birds appeared  
curiously alike in general coloring and also in behavior but the  
Orange-crown lacked, of course, the light eye ring and wing bars of the  
Kinglet and was fully one-third larger when under the Kinglet  
it did not incessantly quiver its wings.

Late  
occurrence of  
Ruby-crown  
Kinglet.

The Garden literally swarmed with birds to-day, especially in  
the afternoon. Besides the Warbler and the Ruby-crown I  
noted a Golden-crowned Kinglet, a Brown Creeper, a White-bellied  
Nuthatch (♂), 2 Chickadees, 2 Blue Jays, a Goldfinch, 6 Fox  
Sparrows, 4 or 5 Juncos, a dozen or more House Sparrows,  
and several Crows (on wing) - in all twelve species.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
Nov. 24

Clear & mild with little or no wind.

Ruby-crown  
Kinglet  
again noted  
in Garden

On November 21<sup>st</sup> last I saw a female Ruby-crowned  
"Kinglet" in our Garden, in company with an Orange-crowned  
Warbler, in a Japanese Bony Bush under my study window  
where I had a close & close view of it. This, I think, was  
then the latest autumnal date on which I had ever noted  
the species personally in Massachusetts. I got a slight  
later one, however, this morning when I first heard  
the unmistakable low chattering call of a Ruby-crown  
near the Museum and then saw the bird in the old  
red cedar at the rear of our house. It was so  
high up that I could not make out its sex but it  
looked like a ♀ I thought.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Dec 7

A week or more ago I learned from Roland Thayer that Night Herons have been frequenting Norton's Woods of late. He has just given me (by telephone, this evening) the following interesting information regarding them.

They were first noticed in the summer of 1909 when only one or two were seen. Several appeared early in the following summer (that of 1910), remaining well into the autumn when Mr. Thayer heard them quarreling in the evening twilight for a week or more, after his return to his home in Irving Street the last of September.

The neighbors told him that they had been about all summer. Mrs. Dr. Marks, who seems to have especially interested in them, says that there were at least five birds and that they were accustomed to spend the day roosting in the cluster of tall pines where they flew off at night to distant feeding grounds. She

Night  
Herons  
in  
Norton's  
Woods.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Dec. 7

(No. 2.)

Thinks they must have bred in that time for near  
them, later in the season, she found a young bird  
perched on a fence. Apparently it had not been long  
out of the nest for when she approached and flushed  
it it flew off very feebly after first trying in vain  
to rise into the pines.

In the earlier days of my acquaintance with  
Horton's Hawks, <sup>they were</sup> when of considerable extent, essentially  
primitive and comparatively little disturbed, they were  
never visited by Night Herons at any season as far  
as I could learn. That their first remaining time  
should now for the first time attract and harbor  
these birds is not a little surprising. It would be  
still more extraordinary if as Mrs. Mabels Salois,  
but I seriously doubt, a brood of young Herons  
were really harbored and reared there last summer.







Journ  
1771  
Jan. - 6